RURAL POEMS.

Tranſlated from the

ORIGINAL GERMAN,

OF

M. GESSNER.

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PREFACE,

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

IT is a maxim with ſome critics, that *Poetry* is not to be *tranſlated*. I am afraid, alſo, however loth we tranſlators may be to ſubſcribe to it, that there is more truth in this aſſertion than will be readily acknowledged. This is indubitably certain, that the moſt arduous taſk of a tranſlator is to convey that happy combination of ſtile and ſentiment, in which poeſy conſiſts, from

from one language to another. The ſenſe, and often the ſpirit and elegance, of thoſe writings, however nervous or idiomatical in point of ſtile, may, by due care, a perfect acquaintance with both languages, and moderate abilities in the undertaker, be transferred, without ſuffering any conſiderable diminution of beauty or energy. Nothing leſs, however, than a poet equal to the original compoſition, can give an adequate tranſlation of a maſterly poem. And, indeed, even in ſuch a caſe, although the copy ſhould not be inferior to the original, it would be in a great meaſure different. Neither modes of expreſſion nor ideas are equally poetical in all countries and languages; but are ſo dependant on time, place and cuſtom, that it is impoſſible to preſerve, without variation, at once the diction and ſentiment in a tranſlation. One of them, therefore, muſt undoubtedly give way; and it reſts on the tranſlator to determine, by the loſs of which his author, or the work, will ſuffer leaſt. At the ſame time, it is clear the latter muſt undergo ſome alteration. And hence, perhaps, our beſt copies of foreign originals may be with more propriety termed Imitations than otherwiſe.

If this be the caſe with poetical productions in general, it is more peculiarly ſo with compoſitions of the paſtoral kind, wherein

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ſo much depends on that unaffected and native ſimplicity of ſtyle, which is ſo difficult to be attained in any one language, and much more ſo to be communicated to another. If we add to this the minute, and circumſtantial marks of deſcription, which frequently enter into this ſpecies of Poetry, the reader will eaſily conceive the extreme difficulty of the undertaking.

It may be hence objected, that this dilemma, under which poetical compoſitions lie, of loſing either their ſubſtance or ſpirit by tranſlation, as it manifeſts the impropriety, ſo it effectually diſproves the expediency of ſuch tranſlations. To this, however, it may be replied, that, (ſetting aſide the abſurdity of denying the expediency of a part where the whole is not to be obtain'd) the ſame difficulty, which attends the tranſlator, accompanies the reader, alſo: For, whatever may be pretended, it is very rare to find perſons, who do not reſide long in foreign parts, that have a taſte for poetry in any but their native language *: So that, while the poets of other nations

* It may be expected I ſhould except the *French* poetry, which ſo many foreigners ſo fluently read and write. But, perhaps, the reaſon, why they do ſo, is, that the French poetry is almoſt as eaſily written, and when written, juſt as good, as proſe. Indeed, if we except ſome paſſages in the writings of Voltaire, Boileau, and a few others, we ſhall be reduced to own, there is very little poetry to be found in the French verſification.

nations claim our attention, even an indifferent tranſlation of them may be read with pleaſure by thoſe who, nevertheleſs, underſtand the original.

THIS conſideration may ſerve, therefore, as an apology for my undertaking the preſent tranſlation; in which I have endeavoured to do juſtice both to my author and the reader; ſteering a middle courſe between thoſe who might have paid a ſole regard to the ſelf-complacency of the one, or the amuſement of the other. I could have given an imitation of theſe pieces in a ſmoother flowing verſe, which might have been more agreeable to the ear of the Engliſh reader; or I could have given a more exact tranſlation of them, in proſe. In the one caſe, however, the copy would have borne little reſemblance to the original; and in the other, I ſhould not only have loſt the poet, but have been without hopes of gaining a ſingle reader. Out of a regard to my author, indeed, I have been more ſolicitous to draw a good likeneſs, tho' not ſo finely pencilled, than a fine picture, in which none of his features could be diſcerned. It may be thought, by ſome nice readers, that I ſhould have given theſe pieces, in that florid ſtyle, which has been of late much affected by our fine writers, and is quaintly termed by ſome *proſaic verſe*, or *poetic proſe*. It is true, the original is not written

written in meaſure; the ſtyle, however, is very different from that verboſe and ſwelling bombaſt I have juſt been hinting at. The reader, perhaps, will better comprehend the difference by an example, taken from ſome late, not inelegant, attempts toward a tranſlation of theſe paſtorals. "The "ſprightly lark, mounting aloft, hails with "her chearful note the new-born day," ſays the tranſlator *: The author, ſimply, thus. "*Wie froh ſinget die kleine Lerche in der hohen* "*luft!*" i. e. "How merry ſings the little "ſoaring lark!" This conciſeneſs and ſimplicity of expreſſion is certainly the beſt plea for diſregarding meaſure in pieces of this kind: For if number and rhime be laid aſide, circumlocution and redundancy are without excuſe. Our Engliſh writers of this ſtamp would do well to conſider, and imitate the Germans in this particular, who, if they have ſometimes diſcarded rhime and meaſure, have not done it out of mere impatience of reſtraint, and without ſubſtituting ſomething in the room of it. Thus Mr. Klopſtock,

* Perhaps the original was in this, as in other inſtances, ſeen only through the medium of a French tranſlation. It reflects ſome diſgrace on Britiſh literature, that this is too frequently the caſe with modern tranſlators; many of whom will undertake, on the ſtrength of a little ſmattering in the French tongue, to give Engliſh tranſlations of almoſt any writers on any ſubject, or in any language. But what a copy the tranſlator of a tranſlator muſt give of his original, I leave the reader to judge.

Klopſtock, ingenious author of The Meſſiad, in rejecting the monotony of modern rhime, laid himſelf under another, perhaps greater, reſtraint, by introducing the hexameter meaſure of Homer and Virgil into German poetry. And, if Mr. Geſſner has not thought proper to write in any kind of meaſured verſe, the want of it is abundantly made up, by the harmony of his periods, the conciſeneſs, the elegance, and the ſimplicity of his ſtyle. How far the tranſlator has ſucceeded, in rendering theſe pieces into Engliſh, is ſubmitted to thoſe who poſſeſs a competent knowlege of both languages, and have a taſte for German as well as Engliſh poetry.

THE

AUTHOR's

PREFACE.

THE following poems are the produce of ſome of the moſt delightful moments of my life. What ſituation, indeed, can be more delightful than that, in which our paſſions are becalmed, and the active imagination tranſports us, from the groſſer ſcenes of this iron age, to thoſe of an age of gold? Every deſcription, of the charms of

of tranquillity and happy repoſe, cannot fail to give pleaſure to well-turned minds; thoſe ſcenes, which poetry borrows from ſimple Nature, pleaſing us by ſo much the more, as they ſeem to bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe ſituations in life, in which we are moſt happy. I ſometimes leave the town in diſguſt; and ſeek relief in the charms of rural ſolitude. There, the ſurrounding beauties of Nature ſoon divert the diſagreeable ſenſations, I brought with me. Enraptured by the raviſhing proſpects, that preſent themſelves around me, and inſpired with a thouſand agreeable ſentiments, I think myſelf as happy as a ſhepherd in the golden age, and rich as a king.

Paſtoral poetry ever makes choice of theſe rural ſcenes; it peoples them with inhabitants worthy ſo delightful an abode; it deſcribes, after Nature, the life of theſe happy people, the ſimplicity of their manners, their cuſtoms and inclinations, in every ſtate of good or ill fortune. Their hearts, as yet inacceſſible to corruption, preſerve their primitive integrity. Free from the

ſervile

ſervile reſtraint of cuſtom, and that multiplicity of wants, which, by deviating ſo far from Nature, we have laid ourſelves under, they receive the gift of happineſs immediately from the hands of that beneficent mother: They reſide in a climate, where ſhe needs but little aſſiſtance, from art, to furniſh them plentifully with the innocent neceſſaries of life. In ſhort, this kind of poetry gives us a ſketch of that age of gold, which did certainly once exiſt, as we may be convinced by reading the hiſtory of the patriarchs. Even the ſimplicity of manners, which Homer deſcribes in his poems, appears to be the remains of it, ſtill preſerved in the heroic ages. It is, indeed, the peculiar privilege of *paſtoral*, to recur to the firſt ages of mankind; and hence it receives great advantage; as, by that means, the ſcenes acquire a degree of probability, which they would not carry with them, if ſuppoſed to exiſt in modern times; wherein the unhappy peaſant, ſubjected to the hardeſt labour, in order to procure, for his prince, or the inhabitants of large cities, a ſuperfluous abundance, groans himſelf,

ſelf, under the weight of miſery and oppreſſion, and is thereby rendered mean, cunning and brutal. Not that I pretend a poet, who amuſes himſelf in this kind of writing, may not ſtrike into ſome new paths, and diſcover new beauties, in obſerving the manners and ſentiments of our modern peaſants. But it requires the niceſt taſte to be able to diſtinguiſh, and to poliſh them without entirely diveſting them of their character of ruſticity.

I have always eſteemed Theocritus as the beſt model in this kind of writing; this poet having expreſſed, with the greateſt exactneſs, the ingenuous ſimplicity of paſtoral ſentiments and manners. His Idyllions contain a great deal more than mere roſes and lilies. His deſcriptions are not the vague effect of an imagination, confined to the moſt obvious and common objects. They appear to be always copied immediately from Nature, the marks of whoſe amiable ſimplicity they bear. He has given his ſhepherds the higheſt degree of innocent ſincerity; making their lips ever expreſs the honeſt dictates of their hearts.

hearts. The poetical ornaments of their converſation are, all of them, taken from their rural occupations, or from ſcenes of Nature very little embelliſhed by art. They have nothing of an epigrammatic turn, or ſcholaſtic affectation of period. Theocritus poſſeſſed the difficult art, of giving his verſes that amiable eaſe and negligence, which ſhould characterize the infant ſtate of poetry. He knew how to give his poems, an agreeable air of innocence, adapted to thoſe early ages, wherein the ingenuous ſentiments of the heart aſſiſted to warm the imagination, already excited by the moſt enchanting ſcenes of Nature. It muſt be confeſſed, indeed, that the ſimplicity of manners prevailing in his own times, and the eſteem in which agriculture was ſtill held, facilitated his endeavours herein. The turn for epigram, and quaintneſs of phraſe, had not made any way, nor had good ſenſe, and a taſte for the truly beautiful, as yet given place to wit.

A moſt convincing proof to me, that Theocritus is truly excellent in this kind of

of writing, is, that he is peruſed with pleaſure only by few. He gives little ſatisfaction to thoſe, who are not circumſtantially acquainted with the beauties of Nature; or to thoſe whoſe ſentiments ſoar up to the affected ſublime, or can taſte only the falſe refinements of gallantry. Every thing that is rural diſguſts ſuch readers. To pleaſe them, therefore, his ſhepherds ſhould have had ſentiments as refined as thoſe of a witty poet, and ſhould have known all the ſubtilities of thinking. I know not whether it be out of contempt, that moſt of our modern poets have neglected to make themſelves familiar with the ſentiments of innocence and ſimplicity; or whether it be out of complaiſance to our own manners, and with a view to acquire more general approbation, that they have departed ſo far from the example of Theocritus. For my part, I have taken him for my model, and ſhall think I have ſucceeded, if, like his, my paſtorals ſhould not pleaſe ſuch readers as above-mentioned. It is true, there are to be met with, in Theocritus, ſome few ſentiments and images,

images, which, from our change of manners, appear to us groſs and indelicate. I have endeavoured to avoid all ſuch, in my imitation. I do not ſpeak, however, of thoſe, which a certain French tranſlator of Virgil would not excuſe in the Bucolicks of that poet; but of ſuch as Virgil himſelf, an imitator of Theocritus, long ago rejected.

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* Theſe two laſt pieces are of a kind ſomething different from the former, which may not improperly be ſtiled Arcadian Paſtorals; the ſcenes and æra agreeing with the received notions of the golden age of the poets.

RURAL POEMS.

To DAPHNE.

NOT of victorious chiefs diſtain'd with blood, nor fields of carnage, ſings the frolic Muſe. Timid and gentle, from ſuch horrid ſcenes, graſping her ſlender flute ſhe ſpeeds her flight.

Led by the murmurs of refreſhing ſtreams, and ſilent ſhades of ſacred groves, ſhe ſtrays: Now by the brook, whoſe banks are lined with reeds; now in the walks, thick-ſhaded o'er with trees; trampling the flowers: Or now, reclining on the

moſſy bank, ſhe ſits at eaſe and meditates the ſong: For thee, fair Daphne, and for thee alone, whoſe mind, replete with innocence and truth, is mild as is the brighteſt morn of ſpring: For thee ſhe ſings, whoſe ſoft expreſſive eyes look pure good-nature; while the ſweeteſt ſmiles play round thy little mouth, and in the dimples of thy roſy cheecks. Yes, deareſt Daphne, ſince that happy day you call'd me friend, the time-to-come looks gay, and all the preſent teems with love and joy.

O may I hope her artleſs ſongs may pleaſe! thoſe ſongs ſhe oft has heard the ſwains repeat, or of the Dryads and the Satyrs learnt, amidſt the thick woods ſtraying. There hath ſhe often ſeen, in their cool grots, the wood-nymphs crown'd with reeds: There viſited the moſs-roof'd cottages, round which the ruſtic habitant hath rais'd his ſhading trees. Thence doth ſhe copy fair the genuine tints of truth and goodneſs, and the native ſcenes of tranquil innocence. There too the God of Love ſurpriz'd her oft, beneath the verdant grot's thick-woven boughs, or by the ſtream with willows overgrown: There did he liſten to her ſoothing airs, and wove the laurel in her flowing hair, as love and pleaſure were her joyous theme.

No other recompenſe my ſongs demand; no greater honours, Daphne, than to ſit beſide thee and enjoy thy ſmiles, thy ſoft approving ſmiles, my ſole reward. Leſs happy ſongſters may go court the fame poſterity beſtows. Be theirs the flattering hope, that future times ſhall plant green laurels round their hallow'd tombs, and ſtrew their graves with flowers.

MILO.

O Thou, who lovelier art than dewy morn,
How bright thy fine black eyes! thy nut-
brown locks,
Adorn'd with flowers and ſporting with the
wind!
How lovely ſweet thy roſy ſmiling lips!
But ſweeter far when rais'd thy voice to ſing.
I heard thee, Chloe, but the other day,
Tranſported, heard thee, ſitting by the ſpring
Between thoſe branching oaks; diſpleas'd I chid
The feather'd ſongſters and the bubbling ſtream
That mix'd their ſounds with thy enchanting
lays.

Full nineteen harveſts, Chloe, have I ſeen;
My cheeks are ruddy and my face is fair:
The ſhepherds all are huſh'd whene'er my ſongs
In th' echoing vale are heard; and not a flute
Is better tun'd to Chloe's voice than mine.

Give me thy heart, fair Chloe, for 'tis ſweet
Beſide this hill, within my grot, to dwell:
See how the dark green ivy, creeping on,
Spreads

Spreads its thick net-work o'er the ſloping rock,
Whoſe top with briars and prickly hawthorn's
crown'd.

Hung with ſoft ſkins is my convenient grot,
And round its entrance have I planted vines,
That, ſpreading, ſhade me from the noon-day
ſun.
See how the foaming wave deſcends the rock,
Watering the creſſes, flow'rs and benty graſs,
As on it flows into the lake below,
O'erhung by willows and thick grown with reeds.
By ſilent moonſhine, here the ſportive Nymphs
Dance to my flute, while ſkipping Fauns around
Clapping their clattering caſtanets, keep time.
See how the hazles, forming alleys green,
In ſlender ſtems furround my ſhaded cot!
How the ripe black-berries, with their gloſſy hue,
Mixt with the lively red of ſweet-briar, grow.
See how the apple-trees, ſtuck round with vines,
Bend down with fruit.—Theſe, Chloe, all are
mine:
Theſe all the heart can wiſh. But, ah! fair
maid,
Shouldſt thou not love me, what a diſmal gloom
Will overſpread this now-enchanting ſcene!
Take theſe, then, Chloe, and give me thy heart.
Here on the tufted graſs we'll ſit us down;
And ſee the wild goats climb the ſteep above,
While ſheep and heifers tamely graze below.

Here at a diſtance will we view the ſea,
On whoſe bright ſurface playful Tritons ſport.
And Phœbus lights from his deſcending car.
Here will we ſing; the rude rocks echoing round,
And Nymphs and Satyrs liſtening to our ſtrains.

Thus Milo ſung, the ſhepherd of the grot, while Chloe heard him from the green-wood ſhade. Smiling ſhe came and took the ſhepherd's hand. "Milo," ſhe ſaid, "dear ſhepherd of the grot, I love thee more than ewes "the three-leav'd graſs; better than ſinging birds "their morning ſong. Lead me into thy grot; "for ſweet thy kiſs as honey to my lips; leſs "ſweet the rivulet's murmur to mine ear."

IDAS *and* MICON.

IDAS.

GOOD day, ſweet ſongſter, Micon! How my heart leaps for joy to ſee you. Since the time, when ſitting on the ſtone beſide the ſpring, you ſung that May-day ſong, we have not met.

MICON.

Idas! good day, ſweet player on the flute! Let us retire to ſome cool ſhady ſeat.

IDAS.

We will aſcend this hillock, where the oak Palemon planted caſts an ample ſhade, and the cool breeze refreſhing plays around. Meanwhile my goats may climb the ſhelving rock and browze among the trees. See from this ſturdy trunk how far the ſpreading branches caſt a ſhade. Near this ſweet-ſcented eglantine we'll ſit, and let the breezes fan our flowing hair. This, Micon, is to me a ſacred ſpot. This oak a flouriſhing memorial ſtands, of good Palemon's piety and worth. The

honeſt ſhepherd had a ſcanty flock; yet oft from theſe he ſacrificed to Pan. " O Pan!" he cried, " increaſe my little ſtock, that my poor neigh- " bour here may ſhare a part." His prayer was heard, and in a fruitful year Palemon's flock was doubled. Full the half he gave his needy neighbour; then to Pan renew'd his grateful offerings; planting here this monumental oak. " O Pan!" ſaid he, " I conſecrate this day to thee, who " heard'ſt, and haſt fulfill'd, my vows. Bleſs this " young oak, that in its future ſhade my annual " ſacrifice may ſmoke to thee."—

Micon, ſhall I repeat the favorite ſong I always chaunt beneath this hallow'd oak?

MICON.

Sing it, and I will give thee for thy pains this pipe compoſed of reeds of different tones. Myſelf did cull them from the river's ſide, fitted, and join'd them with ſweet-ſcented wax.

IDAS ſings.

Fair-ſpreading boughs, that o'er my head extend,
What ſacred tranſports doth your ſhade inſpire!
Some god unſeen ſeems hov'ring in the air,
As round this oak reſpires the grateful breeze.
Ye goats, ye ewes, O ſpare the verdant ſhoots
Of the young ivy, growing round its trunk.

Spare

Spare them, and round its trunk, O, let them weave
Garlands of laſting green! No lightening's blaſt,
Nor ſtormy wind ſhall rend this hallow'd tree!
Memorial of gratitude and truth!
Long ſhalt thou flouriſh, by the gods' decree,
While from afar the ſhepherd ſwain ſhall view
Thy lofty head; and tell his ſon thy fame.
The tender mother to her liſt'ning babe,
Upon her knee, ſhall alſo ſing the tale
Of good Palemon's honeſty of heart.
O plant, ye virtuous ſwains! more oaks like this;
That, as your children wander through the woods,
Such monuments may ſtrike their grateful minds
With love of virtue.

Thus Idas ſung, and long had ceas'd to ſing, when Micon ſtill ſat liſtening. For of virtuous deeds he lov'd to hear. "Idas," he cried, "how lovely is the morn! how ſweet to me "the gay return of ſpring! But virtuous deeds "are ſtill more lovely ſweet." He ſaid, and gave the ſongſter the nine-reeded flute.

DAPHNIS.

ONE winter's morn ſat Daphnis in his hut, whoſe ſtraw-crown'd roof was cover'd deep with ſnow; the crackling wood, that blazed upon his hearth, diffuſing warmth around, well-pleas'd he mus'd, and through the caſement view'd the wintry proſpect.

Winter, he cried, has charms, altho' ſevere. How pleaſant is't to ſee the melting rays ſmile through the miſt that hovers o'er the hills! How brilliant is the ſnow! What ſtriking landſcapes do the fields afford! the leafleſs branches and the naked trunks of ſapleſs trees, the ſnow-topt cottages of different hues, and hawthorn hedges mixing ruſſet brown with ſilver white.

How pleaſant 'tis to ſee, the blades of corn ſhoot up their heads, and give a verdant hue to fields of ſnow! How gay the ſcene the neighbouring hedge-rows yield, while on the twigs of briars, or pointed thorns, the glittering icicles, from dew-drops form'd, wave with the wind and ſparkle in the ſun! The fields forſaken hear the lowing herds and bleating flocks, ſhut

up

up in warmer ſtalls, exult o'er winter's cold: ev'n ſcarce the footſteps of the docile ox, who draws our winter's firing from the woods, near to the threſhold of his home, we trace. The birds have left the woods; ſave here and there a ſolitary titmouſe, ſinging ſtill, in ſpite of froſt and cold; the little wren ſtill hopping to and fro; or the bold ſparrow that, familiar grown, picks up the grains, that round the cottage fall.

Beneath yon ruſtic roof, from whence the ſmoke riſes in curling clouds among the trees, my Phillis dwells. There, even now, perhaps, beſide the fire, ſhe ſits, leaning her lovely cheek upon her hand, and thinks of me and wiſhes for the ſpring.

Phillis is lovely, but her charms alone have not poſſeſs'd my heart. I lov'd her, from the day, when young Alexis loſt two wandering goats, that headlong fell from yonder murdering cliff. "My father's poor," the young man cried and wept, "I've loſt two goats, and one was "big with young; home to our cottage durſt I "ne'er return." Then Phillis dropt the ſympathizing tear; and from the beſt of all her little flock ſelected two and gave th' afflicted ſwain. "Here, take, Alexis, theſe two goats of mine," ſhe ſaid, "the one is alſo big with young." The grateful ſhepherd wept again for joy: And Phillis

too

too for joy let fall a tear, that ſhe the unhappy ſhepherd had reliev'd.

O winter! be thou, as thou wilt, ſevere; my flute ſhall not hang idle 'gainſt the wall. But ev'ry day of Phillis will I ſing the tendereſt ſongs. Tho' thy rude breath, and keen, hath ſtripp'd the trees of leaves and fields of flowers; I yet can wave a chaplet for her hair. The evergreen and Ivy will I bring, and, with the ſinging bird I lately caught, preſent to Phillis. Then ſing, ſweet bird, thy ſprightlieſt, ſweeteſt note, and ſhe will talk to thee again and ſmile, and let thee feed upon her lovely hand. So fondly will ſhe love what once was mine.

MYRTILLIS.

'TWAS on a ſilent ſummer's eve, when young Myrtillis ſtray'd beſide the lake; where the bright moon, reflected from below, and the ſweet nightingale, that on the ſpray ſung ſweetly, caught his eye and ear. Here a while he ſtood in wrapt attention. Thence returning home, near his lone hut beneath a verdant bower he ſaw his aged father faſt aſleep. On the green turf he lay, reſting his hoary head upon his hand. With arms acroſs, Myrtillis ſtood and gazed: His eyes now fixed upon his darling ſire, and now in gratitude rais'd up to heaven: while tears of joy ran trickling down his cheeks.

'O thou,' he ſaid, 'whom next the gods I 'honour! my father! Oh! how gentle is thy 'ſleep? How ſoft and ſweet the ſlumbers of the 'juſt! Hither thy tottering ſteps were doubtleſs 'bent, to ſpend in prayer the ſilent evening 'hour; but ſleep hath ſeized thee ere thou 'didſt return. O my father! thou too didſt

'pray

'pray for me. Thrice happy I! for ſure the
'gods have always heard thy prayers: Elſe
'wherefore ſtands our cottage thus ſecure from
'winds and ſtorms, amidſt our loaded orchard!
'Why thus are bleſt our flocks and fertile fields?
'—Whene'er my filial tenderneſs thou ſeeſt, and
'as the tear of joy flows down thy cheek,
'to heaven thou lookeſt up and giv'ſt thy ſon a
'father's bleſſing, O, what joys I feel! My bo-
'ſom ſwells with tranſport and mine eyes o'er-
'flow with tears. When, leaning on mine arm,
'you left our hut, t'enjoy the warmth of the
'enlivening ſun, and take a noon-day proſpect of
'the herds, the fruitful trees and yellow fields;
'then didſt thou ſay, "In peace grown grey on
"theſe delightful plains, may they be ever bleſt,
"tho' deſtin'd I to viſit happier plains, my fail-
"ing eyes ſhall ſee them ſoon no more." And
'muſt I loſe thee? father! beſt of friends! loſe
'thee ſo ſoon? Alas, afflicting thought! Cloſe
'by thy tomb an altar will I raiſe, and ev'ry
'bleſt occaſion life may yield to ſooth the
'wretched and relieve the oppreſs'd; on that
'good day, my father, will I pour, in rich li-
'bations, milk upon thy grave and ſtrew it round
'with flowers.'

He paus'd, and ſtill his eyes, ſwimming in tears fixt on the good old man, he kept, attentive. "How at eaſe he lies, and ſmiles amidſt

"his

" his ſlumbers! Doubtleſs his virtuous deeds
" employ his dreams, and on his countenance
" impreſs the ſmiles of peace and goodneſs.
" How lovely beams the moon-ſhine on his locks
" and ſilver beard! Oh! may the evening breeze
" and falling dew not hurt thee!" Then ſtooping down he ſoftly kiſs'd his cheek, gently to wake him, and to lead him home; there on ſoft ſkins within his hut t' enjoy leſs hazardous repoſe.

LYCAS *and* MILO.

MILO, young ſongſter, on whoſe downy chin the ſoft and ſtraggling hairs grow here and there, as the green graſs, juſt peering in the ſpring, upon the beds of ſnow; and Lycas, handſome youth, with curling locks, bright as the golden ears of yellow harveſt, met by chance as in the ſheep-walks near a beech-wood ſhade they drove their bleating flocks. "Lycas, well "met," the ſongſter Milo ſaid, "well met, "young ſwain;" and offering him his hand, turn'd toward the ſhelter of the neighbouring wood. "Here let us reſt a while," ſaid he; "meantime our flocks, beſide the lake, may "both ſecurely feed; my careful dog will ſuffer "none to ſtray."

LYCAS.

No, Milo, rather underneath this rock, whoſe top projects above, we'll ſit us down, upon the verdant moſs. This place is cool and pleaſant.

See

See how the clear ſpring tumbles down the rock, foaming among the buſhes, while it ſeems chang'd into liquid duſt, as through the waving twigs it rattles down, and pours into the lake. Here let us ſit in this cool, pleaſant ſpot, upon this moſs-crown'd ſtone. The ſhade of yonder trees, ſee, reaches hither.

[The two ſhepherds go and ſit upon the ſtones, cover'd with moſs, underneath the rock, when Milo thus addreſſes Lycas.]

MILO.

Sweet player on the flute! I long have heard thy ſongs commended and thy manner prais'd. Let you and I ſee who can chaunt the beſt; for me the Muſes too have taught to ſing. I'll ſtake that ſpotted heifer, which, thou ſeeſt, ſo prettily is mark'd with black and white.

LYCAS.

And I will ſtake againſt it, of my goats the beſt I have, with her young kid; ev'n that which now is browzing by the lake and tears the ivy from the willow-tree, meanwhile her ſportive kid is ſkipping round. But, Milo, who ſhall judge?

judge? Shall I call old Menalcas, who, thou ſeeſt, is buſied there in digging from the lake a narrow rivulet, round this beechen-wood? He underſtands the beauties of the ſong.

[Menalcas is called; and, accepting the offer of being umpire, places himſelf between them; when Milo begins to ſing.]

MILO.

Happy are they who're favour'd by the Muſe!
When joy inſpires the heart, ſo ſweet to ſing,
And liſten to the notes re-echoing round!
My ſongs are ſweeteſt at the dawn of day,
Or when the moon at ſetting eve inſpires.
The ſong enlivens every hour of care:
Bleſt then am I, to find the Muſes kind;
And, grateful, will I offer at their ſhrine,
Crowning its head with flow'rs, this milk-white goat;
Chaunting aloud a new hymn to their praiſe.

LYCAS.

While young I ſat upon my father's knee
And liſten'd to his airs upon the flute,
I liſp'd his ſongs, or, taking from his mouth

The

The ſpeaking reeds, drew from them ſounds uncouth.
But Pan appear'd ſoon after in a dream,
And bade me from the wood fetch Hylas' flute,
Which on his conſecrated oak was hung.
For thou, ſaid he, art worthy on't to play.
For this, an offering yeſterday I made
Of the young ſhoots of my new-grafted trees
With one full jug of oil and one of milk.

MILO.

Love too inſpires us ſhepherd-ſwains to ſing,
More than the brightneſs of the opening morn,
The cooling ſhade, or moonlight on the green.
How pleaſant is't to have the maids admire,
And give us ſmiles and chaplets for our ſongs!
Daphne hath choſen Milo for her friend;
Since when my heart is blythe as chearful May,
And ever ſince more ſweet the ſongs I ſing.
Soft as the ſmiles of Ceres Daphne's are;
And as the Muſe's is her ſkill in ſong.

LYCAS.

For me, alas! long time untouch'd by love,
I, tranquil, ſung the praiſes of the Gods,

The

The care of flocks and herds, of grafting trees
And pruning vines; but ſince I Chloe ſaw,
Hard-hearted Chloe! plaintive are my ſongs
And bitter anguiſh poiſons all my joys.
I hop'd I once had triumph'd o'er my pain,
The ſmart returning lightly now and then:
But ah! my hopes of triumph now are o'er,
Since by the flowering thorn I heard her ſing:
Then, when the frolic Zephyrs in the buſh
In Chloe's lap a ſhower of bloſſoms pour'd,
White as the milky flakes of winter ſnow.

MILO.

Near thoſe black firtrees, where the rivulet flows
Through the wild broom, oft Daphne drives her flock.
There, late, at early dawn, with feſtoons gay
Of various flowers, I hung the ſhrubs around;
A ſcene for Venus' ſelf or Flora meet!
Here on this pine, ſaid I, I'll carve our names,
And hide me after underneath ſome buſh,
To ſee her ſmile, and hear, when Daphne comes,
What ſhe will ſay. Then ſtraight I went to work,
When o'er my forehead ſuddenly was thrown
A wreath of flowers: In ſoft ſurpriſe I turn'd

And

And ſaw my Daphne laughing ſtand behind.—
Yes, I have overheard my ſwain's intent,
She ſaid, and ſtraight impreſs'd upon my lips
The ſweeteſt kiſs.——

LYCAS.

Behind that hillock ſtands my ſhady hut.
My goodly hives, in rows, in order ſtand
On a ſoft-murmuring rivulet's flow'ry banks;
While, by cool-ſhading olives, work my bees.
Beyond mine orchards never prone to ſtray,
From flow'ring ſhrubs, and trees, and flow'rs, they cull
The choiceſt ſweets, and yield me ample ſtore
Of wax and honey. In the meadows round
Behold my grazing cows. See how their bags
Diſtended ſwell with milk. See how my goats
And numerous ſheep, ſtrip the green boughs of leaves,
Or crop the ſweeteſt graſs. Theſe, Chloe! theſe,
The Gods have given me; and they love me well,
Becauſe I'm honeſt. Wilt not thou too, Chloe!
Wilt not thou love me too, as do the Gods
Becauſe I'm honeſt?——

Thus ſung the ſhepherds, and Menalcas ſaid,
"To whom, ſweet ſongſters, can I judge the
"prize?

" prize? As honey ſweet are your mellifluous
" lays. They flow as ſmoothly as the rolling
" ſtream; delightful as the kiſs of roſy lips.—
" The ſpotted heifer, Lycas, be for you! and
" Milo's in exchange, the goat and kid."

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

AS poor Amyntas return'd one morning from the neighbouring foreſt, with his hatchet in his hand, and a bundle of poles on his ſhoulder, he beheld a young oak planted by the ſide of a rapid ſtream. The violence of the current had waſhed the earth from its roots, and the dry trunk ſeemed to wait a ſpeedy and melancholy downfall. "What a pity is it," ſaid he, "this young "tree ſhould fall a prey to the waters! No, it "ſhall not be torn away by the roots, and made "the ſport of the impetuous torrent." Then, taking the poles from his ſhoulder, ſaying he could procure more for his other occaſions, he drove them into the ground, making a hollow fence around the bottom of the tree, which he fill'd up with moiſt earth. Thus having completed his deſign and ſecured the roots of the oak, he threw his hatchet o'er his ſhoulder, and enjoy'd the ſatisfaction of ſurveying his labour, under the ſhadow of the drooping tree he had ſaved. He was about to return to the foreſt, to cut a freſh bundle of poles, when the Dryad of the oak, ſpeaking in an hollow, but enchanting,

ing voice, from the trunk of the tree, addreſs'd him thus. " What ſhall I do for thee, young " ſhepherd, in return for this benevolent act? " I know thou art poor, and have only five ewes " in the world. What doſt thou wiſh for? Speak, " and it is thine." " O nymph," replied the poor ſhepherd, " if thou permitteſt me to name " my wiſh, it is, That my neighbour Palemon, " who has been ſick ever ſince harveſt, may be " reſtored to health."

His requeſt was granted: Palemon recover'd; and Amyntas alſo experienced the protection of the divinity in his increaſing flock, his fruits and trees. He became a rich ſhepherd; a bright example that the Gods leave not benevolence unrewarded.

DAMON *and* DAPHNE.

DAMON.

DAPHNE, 'tis paſt; the lowering ſtorm is o'er. The dreadful voice of thunder's heard no more. No longer fear, my Daphne, for I ſee no more the forked lightening dart its liquid fire between the clouds. Let us go forth abroad. The affrighted flocks, that ſought e'en now the ſhelter, ſhake from their fleecy ſides the drops of rain; and, ſpreading o'er the fields, renew their paſture. The plains, the trees, all breathe new ſweets, from this refreſhing ſhower. Come forth, and let us view the brilliant ſcene, gilt with the rays of the refulgent ſun.

[They come, hand in hand, out of the grotto, where they had taken ſhelter from the ſtorm; when Daphne, looking round with admiration, and preſſing her ſhepherd's hand, cries out in extaſy,]

" How fine! how glorious, Damon, is the
" proſpect! O, how delightful looks the clear,
" blue ſky, between the paſſing clouds! how
" ſkim the flying ſhadows o'er the plain! See,
" Damon, ſee, thoſe cottages and herds now
" all embrown'd in ſhade; and now the ſunſhine
" clothes them all again, in lovely white. O,
" ſee th' inconſtant rays: mark how they glitter
" on the tops of flowers, as here and there they
" beam upon the plain."

" True, Daphne: But look there," ſaid Damon, " ſee yon beauteous rain-bow: What live-
" ly colours doth its radiance throw upon the
" hills! How far it reaches yonder croſs the
" vale! The goddeſs Iris caſts theſe lovely rays
" among the clouds; aſſuring calms, and ſmiling
" on the vale the ſtorm hath ſpared.

[Daphne replied, while tenderly her arm acroſs his neck ſhe threw,]

" See how the returning Zephyrs ſport among
" the flowers, re-animated by the rain, whoſe
" ſhining drops ſtill hang upon their leaves. Ob-
" ſerve thoſe wandering butterflies, that play de-
" lighted in the ſunny rays; and that clear lake
" —O, how the ſhining leaves of the wet buſhes

" and

" and the trembling willows on its banks reflect
" the ſun! See how its tranquil ſurface gives us
" back the image of the ſerene ſky, and the trees
" that grow on its ſides."

DAMON.

What rapture fills my breaſt! Embrace me, Daphne! claſp me in thine arms. How beautiful is ev'ry thing we ſee! How inexhauſtible of true delight are Nature's ſcenes! Down from the all-enlivening ſun e'en to the meaneſt plant, all is aſtoniſhing. What grateful joy tranſports me!—When from the ſummit of the neighbouring hill, I caſt mine eyes around the plain below; when on the lawn I mark the immenſe variety of flowers, of plants, and inſects, their minute inhabitants: Or, when at night I view the firmament ſtudded with ſtars; when I reflect on the revolving ſeaſons, and on the vegetation of the earth; when I contemplate all theſe wondrous things, my boſom glows within; my crouded thoughts ruſh on my mind confuſed: I weep, and, falling on my knees, I ſtammer my aſtoniſhment to him who made the world. O Daphne, how delightful are theſe tranſports! and yet not more than to be lov'd by thee.

DAPHNE.

I, Damon, too, tranſported with delight, behold theſe wondrous things. Let us, embracing, at the riſing morn and ſetting eve, or in the milder beams of the pale moon, admire together theſe enchanting ſcenes; lock'd in each other's arms in mutual love and joy. O inexpreſſible is the delight, when tranſports ſuch as theſe with love's ſoft tranſports join!

DAMON *and* PHILLIS.

DAMON.

ALREADY ſixteen ſummers have I ſeen: But none, dear Phillis, none ſo fine as this. Doſt thou know why? It is becauſe near thee I feed my flock.

PHILLIS.

And I have ſummers juſt thirteen beheld. And, my dear Damon, none has yet appear'd ſo fine as this. Doſt thou know why?

[She ſmiled, and, without waiting his reply, ſhe preſs'd the ſhepherd, ſighing, to her breaſt.]

DAMON.

Seeſt thou, my Phillis, how theſe ſpreading trees form, with their interwoven boughs, a ſhady bower? Hear'ſt thou the murmuring waterfall juſt by! Thither let's go and ſit upon the graſs.

PHILLIS.

With all my heart, dear Damon, for in thee alone I take delight. See how my fluttering boſom beats for joy: For, think, 'tis now five hours ſince laſt I ſaw thy face.

DAMON.

Here, lovely Phillis, here, come, ſit thee down upon the clover graſs. O that I always thus could ſee thee ſmile!—No, look not on me thus [the ſhepherd ſaid, and, ſoftly with his hand, hid the fair maiden's face] for when thoſe ſmiling glances meet mine eyes, I know not where I am, nor what I do; but ſit and ſigh, and not a word my lips can utter.

PHILLIS.

Nay, my dear Damon, take away that hand before mine eyes. Delight like yours I feel, whene'er you ſoftly preſs my yielding palm. I know not what; but ſomething ſtrangely moves my trembling heart.

DAMON.

See, Phillis, what are theſe beneath the tree? Two doves.—See, ſee, how lovingly they coo, claſping

claſping by turns each other in their wings.—See how they peck each other's little heads and ſhining necks. Come, Phillis, come, and let us bill and kiſs like turtles too.

PHILLIS.

Come, then, and put thy roſy lips to mine.—There, there, and there.—

DAMON.

Ah! Phillis, ah! how ſweet this kiſſing play? I thank ye, charming doves: May never hawk deprive you of ſuch ſweet delight.

PHILLIS.

I thank ye, charming doves, I thank ye too. Come hither, come, and reſt upon my lap, and live with me. I'll gather for ye in the fields and woods the choiceſt pulſe; and while my Damon bills and coos with me, you on my knees ſhall bill each other too. They will not come.—Ah! ſee, they're flown away.—

DAMON.

Hark, Phillis! don't I hear the ſound of kiſſes? Sweet kiſſes! thus Amyntas ſung their charms.

SONG.

To thirſty reapers, parch'd with heat,
Not the cooling draught ſo ſweet,
As the dew that lovers ſip
From each other's balmy lip.
More delighted is the ear,
Love's ſweet cooing kiſs to hear,
Than with the delightful ſound
Of riv'lets murm'ring o'er the ground.

PHILLIS.

Moſt certainly; I'll wager they were kiſſes. Come, we will go and know the truth from Chloe. But firſt ſet right my chaplet; for, you ſee, you've rumpled all my hair.

The BROKEN JUG.

AS a Faun lay, one day, faſt aſleep, at the foot of an oak, the young ſhepherds perceiv'd him, and ſaid to each other, 'Let us bind 'him faſt to the trunk of the tree, and oblige him 'to ſing us a ſong, to obtain his liberty.' They bound him, accordingly, to the oak; and waked him from his ſleep, by pelting him with acorns. "Where am I?" ſaid the waking Faun, yawning and ſtretching his limbs. "Where am I got? "and where's my flute, and jug? Ah, me! there "lie the pieces of my jug; the ſweeteſt jug! I "tumbled down here yeſterday, when drunk, "and broke my jug.—But who hath bound me "thus!" ſaid he, when looking round, he ſaw the laughing ſhepherds. "Come, my good lads," he cried "and make me looſe." 'Yes, when 'you've ſung a ſong; but not before.' "What "ſhall I ſing?" return'd the willing Faun.— "Stay, ſit ye down upon the graſs around, and "I will ſing you of my broken jug." On the green turf the ſhepherds ſat them down; and thus the Faun began:

'Tis broke, 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.
A pretty jug it was, my grotto's pride,
My daily boaſt; for not a Satyr paſt
But in I call'd him. "Here," ſaid I, "come drink,
"And ſee the prettieſt jug. Not Jove himſelf
"Could boaſt a finer at his nectar feaſt."

But ah! 'tis broke my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

When at my cave my jovial friends were met,
Around my favorite jug we ſat and drank;
And as we drank, each was oblig'd to ſing
The tale engraven on that ſide the jug
That touch'd his lips. But ah! my friends, no more
Shall you or I drink out my favorite jug,
Or ſing the tales engrav'd on either ſide:

For ah! 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

In lively ſtrokes was on its ſide engrav'd
The diſappointment and affright of Pan,
When the fair nymph, embrac'd within his arms,
Was chang'd into a tuft of ruſtling reeds.
There is he repreſented, as he ſtood,

Cutting

Cutting th' unequal reeds, which, join'd with wax,
He form'd into a flute, and on it play'd
The mournful ditty. Echo heard the ſound,
And bade the wondering hills and woods repeat.

But ah! 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

On my fine jug was drawn Europa's bull,
That bore the raviſh'd fair acroſs the waves;
His flatt'ring tongue licking her bare white knee;
While o'er her head her wringing hands are rais'd,
And ſporting Zephyrs fan her flowing hair,
And Loves on dolphins' backs in triumph ride.

But ah! 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

On t'other ſide was ruddy Bacchus drawn,
Beneath his bower reclin'd; and, by his ſide,
A blooming Nymph, whoſe left hand rais'd his head,
While with her right ſhe to his ruby lips
Applied the brimming cup; her wanton ſmiles
Meanwhile provoking kiſſes. At his feet
His ſpotted tygers play'd, and tamely fed
On grapes, that little Loves held in their hands.

But ah! 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

Repeat

Repeat it, Echo, from thy Wood-nymph's cell,
And tell the Fauns that in their grottos dwell,
'Tis broke, 'tis broke, my jug ſo fine and neat;
Its ſcatter'd fragments lie around my feet.

Thus ſung the Faun, when the young ſhepherds unbound him, and beheld with admiration the ſcatter'd fragments of his broken jug.

ALEXIS, DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

THE ſetting ſun was ſinking in the weſt, when Chloe and her much lov'd Daphnis were walking on the ſolitary banks of the ſtream that murmurs through yon grove of ſhady willows. Hand in hand they walk'd into the grove; where young Alexis by the river ſat, an handſome ſwain though ſtranger yet to love. "Good evening, "youth," ſaid Daphnis, "tho' to love inſenſible, "ſome ſhepherdeſs may yet engage your heart. "You ſeek, I ſee, the ſolitary ſhade, as lovers do. "Here am I come with Chloe; beneath this "peaceful umbrage to ſit down, and ſing the "happineſs of mutual love." [He ſaid, and preſs'd her hand againſt his heart.] "Alexis, "wilt thou ſit awhile and hear?"

ALEXIS.

The pangs of love ne'er yet have touch'd my heart. Hither I come to ſee the evening ſun gild

gild o'er the ruddy mountains: but your ſongs I willingly will ſit awhile to hear; for nought more pleaſant than at ſetting eve to hear melodious ſongs.

DAPHNIS.

Come, Chloe, on the graſs here let us ſit, near to Alexis, and begin the ſong. My flute ſhall thee accompany; and thou, Alexis, play'ſt well on the flute. Thou wilt take up my pipe when I ſhall ſing. [I will, Alexis anſwer'd, when they ſat down by the brook, and Daphnis thus began.]

DAPHNIS.

Ye peaceful vales, and you ye verdant hills! bear witneſs not a ſhepherd's bleſt like me; for Chloe loves me. Chloe brighter far than ſmiling morn, when dart the ſun-beams mildly o'er the hills. Yet then each flower rejoices, and the joyful birds ſing ſweetly as they hop from ſpray to ſpray, and ſhake the dew-drops from the trembling leaves.

CHLOE.

Blythe as the ſwallow when ſhe firſt awakes, from her cold winter's ſleep and ſees the ſpring. She flies about the willows here and there, and tells

tells the hills and vales the joy ſhe feels. Awake, ſhe cries, awake, my ſleeping friends, behold the ſpring is come. Yet more tranſported I, becauſe my Daphnis loves me. Yes, my friend, 'tis far leſs pleaſant, the return of ſpring, than is the true love of an honeſt ſwain.

DAPHNIS.

I love to ſee, beſide the diſtant hills, the vagrant flocks among the buſhes ſtray. Yet, O my Chloe, lovelier is't to ſee, a chaplet of freſh flowers adorn thine hair. How lovely is the clear blue of the ſky! but lovelier far is that of Chloe's eyes. Yes, Chloe, more I love thee far than fiſh limpid ſtream, more than the lark the freſhneſs of the morn.

CHLOE.

When late I ſaw my image in the lake, and ſighing wiſh'd my form might Daphnis pleaſe, the beſt of ſhepherds, thou didſt behind me unperceived ſtand; and, ſcattering o'er my head an heap of flowers, I ſaw myſelf no longer in the flood. Startled, I turn'd, and, ſighing, look'd around; when thou didſt claſp me to thy panting breaſt,

breaſt, and call'd the Gods to witneſs thou didſt love. Then ſaid I, " Daphnis, and I love thee " more than bees the flowers, or flowers the dew " of morn."

DAPHNIS.

When Chloe told me, all in tears of joy and claſping Daphnis to her tender breaſt, " I love " thee, Daphnis;" with uplifted eyes, I look'd to Heaven. " How ſhall I thank ye, gracious " Gods," ſaid I, " for ſuch a precious gift as " Chloe's love!" Then dropping down my head on Chloe's breaſt, I wept, and Chloe's lips dried up my tears.

CHLOE.

And Chloe's lips dried up her Daphnis' tears; but ſoon my own in greater plenty flow'd, and mix'd with thine. I ſighing call'd on Daphnis. In reply, you ſighing call'd on Chloe; after both ſoft Echo ſighing both our names again. To crop the herbage of the flow'ry ſpring, and graze beneath the cooling ſhade at noon, the flocks and herds delight. But nothing more delights me than to hear my Daphnis tell me that he loves.

Thus

Thus ſung Daphnis and Chloe. " Happy " pair!" ſaid Alexis ſighing, " I now can con- " ceive ſomething of the pleaſure of love. " Your ſongs, your looks, your mutual tran- " ſports teach it."

LYCAS,

Or, The Invention of GARDENS.

SHUT up at home by the rude winter's cold and ſtormy winds that whirl the flakes of ſnow in furious blaſts; my active fancy ſhall from memory draw the lively images of flow'ry May, of ſultry Summer, or the beauteous ſcenes of golden Autumn. From the beſt I'll chuſe, and thence for Daphne will compoſe a ſong. Thus for his miſtreſs doth the ſhepherd chuſe the choiceſt flowers, to form a chaplet to adorn her hair. O may I pleaſe my Daphne, as I ſing, how, when the world was young, a ſhepherd ſwain invented gardens.

This is the ſpot, the ſhepherd Lycas ſaid; beneath this elm at yeſter ſetting ſun, the charming Chloe gave me firſt a kiſs. Here didſt thou ſtand, fair Chloe, when, embolden'd by a ſigh, I threw my arms around thy lovely waſte; meanwhile my fluttering heart, my tearful eyes, the broken accents from my ſtammering tongue,

tongue, all ſpoke my love. Then dropt the ſheep-hook from thy trembling hand, whilſt thou, reclining on my troubled breaſt, in broken accents told me thou didſt love. O Lycas! ſaidſt thou, Lycas! I--I love thee. Witneſs, ye peaceful groves, and ſolitary fountains; for oft you've heard the ſoft complaints I made; and you, ye flowers that I've bedew'd with tears. O Chloe! how enraptur'd is thy ſwain! Yes, love's a bleſſing words cannot expreſs. This ſpot be conſecrated then to love. I'll plant young roſe-trees round about this elm. Around its trunk the ſcammony ſhall grow, adorn'd with flowers of purple-ſpotted white. Here I will gather all the ſweets of ſpring, the piony and lily here ſhall blow. I'll go and cull in meads and verdant fields, the purple violet and ſweet-ſcented pink, and all the ſweeteſt ſhrubs and plants that grow. Of theſe I'll form a little grove of flowers; breathing perfumes; and round it will I turn the neighbouring ſtream, to form an iſle, to which a fence of thorns I'll raiſe beſide, to keep the goats and ſheep from browzing here. Come, then, ye plaintive turtles, hither come, who live in love, and coo beneath my elm. Hither, ye little birds, too, come away, and court your mates beneath the roſe-tree's thorn. And you, ye vagrant butterflies ſo gay, here ſport on beds of flowers, embrace and vent your tranſports.

Then ſhall the ſhepherd, as he paſſes by, and ſcents the ſweet perfumes that fill the air, cry out, " What Goddeſs claims this conſecrated " place? Is it to Venus ſacred? Or hath Diana " deck'd it out ſo fine, to ſlumber here when " wearied with the chaſe?

PALEMON.

HOW lovely are the ſun beams of the morn, that 'tween the hazles and the prickly wild-roſe, play on my window! How blythe the ſwallow twitters on the ſcantlings of my roof! How ſweetly ſings the little ſoaring lark! All Nature's wide awake, and every plant inhales freſh vigour from th' enlivening dew. Even I ſeem young again.——My ſtaff ſhall aid me to the open air. There on my threſhold will I ſit me down; there face the riſing ſun, and view the verdant proſpect.——How beautiful is every thing I ſee! All that I hear is harmony and praiſe. The birds in air, the ſhepherds on the plain their chearful ditties ſing: The lowing herds around, on fertile hill or watery dale, ſtill as they graze proclaim their general joy, aloud exulting. Oh! how long, ye Gods, how long ſhall I remain a living witneſs of your bounty? Full ninety years already have I ſeen the varied ſeaſons in their courſe return:

return: and when revolving o'er my former days back to the hour that gave me birth, delightful retroſpect! whoſe diſtant bounds yet fade upon the ſight——O, then with what emotion glows my heart! The unutterable tranſports that I feel, my tears of grateful joy, ye gracious Gods, are theſe not thanks too poor for all thy goodneſs! Ah! flow my tears, flow down mine aged cheeks.—When I review the paſt ſcenes of my life, I ſeem to have lived a long, long ſummer's day: my gloomy moments but as tranſient ſhowers, that chear the plants and fertilize the plains. No ſickneſs e'er hath viſited my flocks, no blight my trees, nor hath misfortune dwelt beneath my cottage.

How delightful was my future proſpect, when in their infancy my playful children ſmiled in my arms, or hung upon my hand! Proud of thoſe tender ſhoots, and looking forward to their future growth, mine eyes ſhed tears of joy. "I "will defend them," ſaid I "from ſiniſter ac- "cidents: I will watch over them as they grow "up to maturity. The gods will ſecond my "efforts, and theſe young plants ſhall be fruit- "ful. They ſhall become ſpreading trees, and "mine age ſhall find repoſe under their cool re- "freſhing ſhade." Thus as I ſpoke, I claſp'd them in my arms and preſs'd them to my breaſt. And now, the Gods have bleſs'd them, lo! I find

find beneath their ſhade that cool delicious ſhelter I foretold. Thus have I ſeen theſe pear-trees flouriſh, theſe filbert ſtems, and the rich apple-trees, that in my youth I planted round this cottage. Now do they ſpread their ſhady boughs, and yield a pleaſant ſhelter to mine hut.

The greateſt ſtroke misfortune ever gave, was that I felt, when my dear Mirta, leaning on my breaſt, expired within my arms. Twelve times the ſpring hath ſtrewn thy grave with flowers. But now, the day, the happy day's at hand, when near to thine my bones muſt mouldering lie. Perhaps this very night may prove my laſt.

O with what pleaſure do I behold my grey beard waving on my breaſt, and witneſſing the goodneſs of the Gods! Ye little Zephyrs, ſport in the ſilver hairs that from my chin deſcend: Ah! not leſs fair than are the locks of youth, or thoſe that flow, in brown and ſhining curls, on the white necks of blooming maids.

Be this a day of gratitude and joy! I'll call my children round me; all ſhall come, my little liſping granchild too; and here I'll ſacrifice unto the gods. Their altar at my threſhold ſhall be placed, and, with my hoary temples crown'd with flowers, my feeble hand ſhall once

once more ſtrike the lyre; whilſt all in concert join to ſing their praiſe. Then ſtrewn my table with the choiceſt flowers, we'll eat the victim and expreſs our joy. Thus ſpoke Palemon, then, riſing up and leaning on his ſtaff, he call'd his children round him; in the midſt the good old man making a feaſt, in honour to the Gods.

Still evening came; and now Palemon, fill'd with a ſacred preſage, thus addreſs'd his children. "Come, let us go and viſit Mirta's tomb, there "ſprinkle wine and honey all around, and end "our feaſt in hymns." They repaired together to Mirta's grave, where the good old ſhepherd embracing them, in a ſacred extaſy, was, in the midſt of their embraces, converted into a Cypreſs, whoſe mournful boughs ſhade Mirta's grave.

The ſilent moon ſtood ſtill to ſee the ſcene; and all that ſit beneath that Cypreſs ſhade feel holy tranſports, while their eyes o'erflow with pious tears.

MYRTILLIS *and* THYRSIS.

IN the cool evening hour, Myrtillis had betaken himſelf to the ſide of an hill, commanding an extenſive proſpect over the neighbouring plains. There gathered he the dry ſticks and lighted a fire; after which he laid himſelf down thereby, and caſt his wandering eyes over the heavens beſpangled with ſtars, and around the plains enlighten'd by the moon. Startled by a ſudden noiſe, that reach'd him thro' the obſcurity of the night, he turn'd about and ſaw Thyrſis. "Welcome," ſaid Myrtillis, "ſit down and warm yourſelf by the fire. What "brings you hither at this time of night, "when all the village ſleeps?"

THYRSIS.

Good evening, Myrtillis; had I known 'twas you, I ſhould not have ſo much ſcrupled to have been guided by the light of this fire, which ſhines

ſo bright acroſs the vale. But come, Myrtillis, as the ſolitude of the night and awful brightneſs of the moon to ſolemn ſongs invite us, hear my propoſal. This fine earthen lamp, ſo curiouſly conſtructed, will I give thee. My father made it in a dragon's form, with wings and feet; in its open mouth the lighted candle burns; while, ſee, its tail turn'd up, is twiſted round to form an handle. This will I give thee, if the moving tale of Daphnis and of Chloe thou wilt ſing.

MYRTILLIS.

Of Daphnis and of Chloe will I ſing, ſince, as thou ſay'ſt, the ſilent night invites to ſolemn ſongs. But ſee thoſe withered boughs: Take care mean while my fire is not extinct.

Rocks, from your caves, repeat the plaintive
ſtrains;
And let the mournful tale be echoed o'er the
plains.

The ſilver moon had gilt th' horizon round,
When by the river's ſide fair Chloe ſtood,
Impatient for th' arrival of the boat,
In which her Daphnis ſhould have croſs'd the
flood.
Why ſtays my love, ſhe ſaid, ſo long away?
And ſtrait the nightingale was huſh'd, to hear
The

The ſoft complaints ſhe made at Daphnis' ſtay.
But, hark! ſhe cried, I hear the ſound of waves
Daſhing againſt the boat. And doſt thou come?
Yes—No, it is not he. Ye babbling waves,
Will ye again deceive me? cheat not ſo
The fond impatience of a love-ſick maid.
O, where, my deareſt Daphnis, doſt thou ſtray?
Love ſhould find wings to ſpeed thy tardy feet.
Doſt thou acroſs the lone wood take thy way,
That brings thee to the ſtream? Ah! may thy feet
No thorn encounter and no ſerpent's tooth.
Chaſte Goddeſs! thou, whoſe darts ne'er miſs'd their aim,
Diana! Luna! light, O light his ſteps.
How ſhall I claſp him in my longing arms!
Surely that noiſe deceives me not again!
Play lightly, waves! and on your careful backs
Support his bounding boat. And you, ye Nymphs!
If e'er you lov'd, or felt the tender pangs
Of expectation——Ha! what is't I ſee?——
My Daphnis!—Oh! he anſwers not again.—
What means, ye gracious Gods!——
[And down ſhe ſunk upon the river's bank.]
Rocks, from your caves, repeat the plaintive ſtrains;
And let the mournful tale be echoed o'er the plains.

Diſcover'd by the glimpſes of the moon,
A boat, o'erturn'd, came floating down the ſtream,
Stretch'd on the bank, the lifeleſs Chloe lay,
A diſmal ſilence reigning all around.
At length the maid reviv'd; revival ſad!
And as the moon retir'd behind the clouds,
Trembling and ſpeechleſs for a while ſhe ſat.
Her heaving breaſt then beat, with ſobbing ſighs;
Her piercing cries reſounded thro' the air,
And diſtant woods and groves were heard to moan:
She wrung her hands, and beat her ſnowy breaſt,
And tore her hair; complaining. Ah! ſhe cried,
My deareſt Daphnis! Where is Daphnis now?
Oh, ye perfidious waves! Ye cruel Nymphs!
Oh, wretched Chloe! wherefore ſit I thus?
Nor ſeek for death in theſe deſtroying waves;
Where buried lies the comfort of my life?
She ſaid, and headlong plung'd into the flood.

Rocks, from your caves repeat the plaintive ſtrains;
And let the mournful tale be echoed o'er the plains.

But now the Nymphs gave the rough waves in charge,
To bear the fair maid gently on their backs.

Ah!

Ah! cruel Nymphs! ſhe cried, delay not death.
Swallow me up, ye waves!—But ſtill the waves
Refus'd, and gently bearing on their backs,
Safe on a little iſle amidſt the ſtream,
Brought her to land, and to her Daphnis' arms;
For hither, when his boat was wreck'd, he ſwam.
O, with what tranſports did they then embrace!
In vain my ſong their raptures would expreſs,
Leſs tender joys e'en Philomela knows,
When, after moaning long, whole nights in vain,
Her captive mate, rejoic'd, eſcapes his priſon,
And flies to join her trembling on the ſpray.
They ſigh, and bill, and with their wings em-
brace,
Breathing their tranſports forth in ſongs of joy,
Throughout the live-long night.

Ye rocks, no more repeat the plaintive ſtrain:
But let the notes of joy be echoed o'er the plain.

And now, Thyrſis, do thou give me the lamp, for I have ſung the adventure of Daphnis and Chloe.

CHLOE.

PROPITIOUS Nymphs, that inhabit this peaceful grotto! whoſe hands have planted theſe tufts of briars, that grow around its entrance; to ſecure to yourſelves a place of repoſe, in the freſh ſhade: You, who, when unemploy'd in dancing with Satyrs in the thick foreſt, pour from your urns the clear ſtream of yonder fountain: If now ye ſlumber on the neighbouring hills, or o'er your peaceful urns, let not my voice diſturb your calm repoſe. But if ye now are waking, lend, O lend, propitious Nymphs, an ear to my complaints. I love, alas! I love young Lycas, with the flaxen hair. Have you not ſometimes ſeen him, as he drives this way his herd of brindled cows and ſkipping calves; waking ſweet Echo, as he walks along, with the ſweet ſounds of his enchanting flute? Have you not heard his voice, when rais'd to ſing the charms of flow'ry May, of ſmiling harveſt, of rich autumn's fruits, or of the cares of tending flocks and herds? I love this moſt accompliſh'd ſhepherd; but, alas! he knows not that I love.

How

How long, O gloomy winter and ſevere, how long haſt thou detain'd us from the plains! Since autumn laſt, a tedious interval! I have not ſeen my Lycas. Slumbering, beneath the green-wood ſhade he lay! how beautiful! Within his floating curls the Zephyrs play'd; while through the broad, green leaves, the ſun-beams threw their ſportive light. O, I ſee him ſtill; the trembling ſhadows of the waving leaves moving about upon his lovely face: Still in his ſleep me-thinks I ſee him ſmile; th' effect of pleaſing dreams. I ran to gather flowers, and ſoftly placed a chaplet round his ſhining hair, and deck'd his flute; when quickly I retired. "I'll "wait," ſaid I, "till from his ſleep he wakes. "How will he laugh? How will he be ſurpri-"zed to find his temples, and to ſee his flute, "adorned with flowers! I'll go, and wait "hard-by till he doth wake: Sure in this place "he'll ſee me! Should he not, by a loud laugh "I'll teach him where to find me." Thus ſaying, I did hide me in the wood, when now my comrades called me away. O how provo-king! I was forced to go: Nor ſaw the ſwain's ſurprize, nor how he ſmiled to find his hair and flute adorn'd with flowers. How glad am I the ſpring once more is come, that I may ſee my Lycas here again! Ye Nymphs, upon the bran-ches of theſe ſhrubs, that ſhade your grotto, I will hang theſe flowers, the firſt-fruits of the

ſpring; the forward violet, the primroſe white, the yellow cowſlip and the daiſy red, with the firſt bloſſom of the early trees. O be propitious to my love; and if my Lycas e'er ſhould fall aſleep by this clear fountain, tell him in a dream, 'twas Chloe's hand that form'd the flow'ry wreaths about his head, and twined them round his flute: Tell him that Chloe loves him. Thus ſaying, round the leafleſs ſhrubs ſhe twined a garland of the earlieſt flowers of ſpring; when from the grotto ruſh'd a murmuring ſound, like the ſoft echo of a diſtant flute.

MENALCAS *and the Hunter* ESCHINUS.

THE young ſhepherd Menalcas had conducted his flock to the mountains; when, going into the foreſt, to ſeek a ſtrayed ſheep, he diſcover'd a hunter, whom exceſs of fatigue had obliged to repoſe himſelf all night in the thicket. 'Young ſwain,' cried the ſtranger, 'I wander'd yeſterday as far as this wild mountain, 'in ſearch of the roe-buck and the wild-boar. 'I have loſt my way, and have met with no cottage; nor can I diſcover any cool ſpring, 'where I might quench my thirſt, or any nouriſhment to ſatisfy my hunger.' Menalcas immediately took bread out of his pocket, and new cheeſe, and gave the ſtranger to eat: He then took the flaſk from his ſide: "Here," ſaid he, "is new milk, drink and refreſh thyſelf. If "thou wilt follow me, I will alſo ſhew thee the "way out of this wood." The ſtranger refreſhed himſelf, and the ſhepherd conducted him out of the wood.

The hunter Eſchinus then ſaid to him, 'Young 'man, thou haſt ſav'd my life, how ſhall I re-'ward thee? Come along with me to the city. 'We live not there in houſes thatch'd with 'ſtraw: But in gay marble palaces whoſe proud 'encircling columns lift their aſpiring heads into 'the clouds. There ſhalt thou live with me; drink out of cups of gold, and eat from ſilver 'plates the choiceſt viands.' "What," repli-ed Menalcas, "ſhall I do in the city? I live "here ſecure in my little cottage, which affords "me ſufficient protection from the rain and "ſtormy winds. If it be not encircled by mar-"ble columns, it is ſurrounded by fruit-trees "and green vines. I fetch clear water from "the neighbouring fountain in my earthen jug; "I have alſo choice wine, and eat the produce "of my trees and flock; and tho' I have no "veſſels of ſilver or gold, I adorn my ſimple "table with odoriferous flowers."

ESCHINUS.

Come with me, ſhepherd; in the city too we have trees and flowers. There art hath diſpoſed them in ſtrait walks, and laid them out in regular beds. There alſo have we fountains, where marble Nymphs and Swains ſupply magnificent baſons with conſtant ſtreams.

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Our ſhady foreſts, with their winding walks, made by pure Nature, and our meadows irregularly ſown with flowers, are far more beautiful. But I have planted too, around my cottage, lilies and roſes, and ſweet-ſcented beds of marjoram. Our fountains too, how pleaſantly they flow; when, bubbling through the clefts, they make their way, or, from the ſummit of the rock come tumbling down amidſt the buſhes, winding thence acroſs the flow'ry meads! No, no, I will not leave them for the city.

ESCHINUS.

There wilt thou ſee young laſſes cloathed in ſilk, with cheeks untarniſh'd by the burning ſun; their ſkins as white as milk, and all adorn'd with gold and jewels. Artful muſicians too ſhall charm your ears with their harmonious concerts.

MENALCAS.

My ſhepherdeſs is beautiful tho' brown; didſt thou but ſee her with her head adorn'd with roſes or with flowers of different hue. O how delightful is't with her to ſit in the cool ſhade beſide the murm'ring

murm'ring ſtream! And when ſhe ſings, how raviſhing her ſongs! while, as my flute accompanies her voice, the diſtant hills reſound. Delightful, alſo, is't with her to ſit and liſten to the harmony of birds, that from the ſummits of the lofty trees, or in the thicket, chaunt their ſprightly lays. Sing your muſicians better than the thruſh or the ſweet nightingale? No. No, I'll not go with thee to the city.

ESCHINUS.

What ſhall I give thee then, young ſhepherd? Here, take this money, and this powder-flaſk of gold.

MENALCAS.

What uſe have I for gold, that want for nothing? Need I gold, to buy the fruit that's growing on my trees, the flowers that deck my meadows, or the milk my herds in plenty yield?

ESCHINUS.

What ſhall I give thee then, happy ſhepherd? How ſhall I recompenſe the favour done me?

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Give me that flaſk which o'er your ſhoulder's hung; methinks I ſee, engraven on its ſide, young Bacchus with the Loves, gathering the juicy grapes.

The Hunter ſmiled, and, with a friendly look, gave him the flaſk; at which the ſwain rejoic'd, and, like the bounding kid, ſkipt o'er the plain.

PHILLIS *and* CHLOE.

PHILLIS.

SO, Chloe! with that baſket ever on thine arm!

CHLOE.

Yes, Phillis, with this baſket ever on my arm. I would not give it for a flock of ſheep; ſo much I prize it.

[In ſaying thus ſhe ſmiles and hugs it under her arm.]

PHILLIS.

And wherefore, Chloe, doſt thou prize that baſket thus? Say, ſhall I gueſs?—Oh! how you bluſh! ha! ſhall I gueſs?—

CHLOE.

How!—bluſh!—

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

Yes, Chloe, juſt as if the ſetting ſun had caſt his glowing rays upon your cheeks.

CHLOE.

Well, Phillis, I will tell thee all the truth. This baſket is the gift of young Amyntas, the moſt charming ſwain, who made the whole himſelf. See with what neatneſs, and what taſte, 'tis made; the green leaves mingled with the ſcarlet flowers upon the milk-white ground. A pretty baſket! whereſoe'er I go I carry it with me. The flowers e'en look more gay and ſmell more ſweet, and ſweeter is the flavour of the fruit, that in my baſket lie. Ah! Phillis, ah!—but wherefore ſhould I not diſcover all?—I — I have kiſs'd my baſket o'er and o'er. He ſurely is the beſt, the handſomeſt ſwain.

PHILLIS.

I ſaw him making it. Hadſt thou but heard the ſtrange diſcourſe he with the baſket held, you would—Not but that my Alexis is as handſome. What would I give, that thou didſt hear him ſing! I will repeat the couplet, that he taught me yeſterday.

CHLOE.

CHLOE.

But, Phillis, what was that Amyntas ſaid, in ſpeaking to the baſket?

PHILLIS.

Firſt I muſt ſing this couplet.

CHLOE.

Is it long?

PHILLIS.

You ſhall hear.

How blythe am I, when, from the Weſt,
The ſetting-ſun doth ſhine!
But more, my Phillis, am I bleſt
By one ſweet ſmile of thine.

When corn is hous'd, and harveſt's done,
How blythe the reapers roam!
But blyther I, when, with a kiſs,
You ſend me, ſmiling, home.

Thus ſung my ſwain.

CHLOE.

CHLOE.

A pretty ſong indeed: But, Phillis, pray, what did Amyntas ſay to this ſame baſket?

PHILLIS.

O, I muſt laugh—Among the oſiers by the river ſide he ſat, and as he interwove the various twigs, brown, green and white; ha!—ha!

CHLOE.

Well, and what then? Poh! wherefore doſt thou laugh?

PHILLIS.

Ha! ha!—he ſpoke and—ha! ha! told the baſket, it was made for Chloe. 'To charming Chloe, thee,' ſaid he, 'I'll give; Chloe, 'whoſe ſmiles are full of love and charms. As 'by me yeſterday ſhe drove her flock,' "Good "day," ſhe ſaid, "Amyntas," 'ſmiling 'ſweet, ſo ſweetly that my heart did dance for 'joy. Bend ſmoothly round, ye various-co-'lour'd twigs, nor break in ſplinters, while I 'mould your form; for on the arm of the moſt 'lovely maid this baſket ſhall be hung. Yes,

'if

'if my labours Chloe ſhould but prize; Oh 'ſhould ſhe prize this baſket; ſhould ſhe but 'hang it often by her ſide! Oh! how'——and thus the ſwain ran on, 'till, finiſhing the baſket, up he ſprung, and leapt for joy that he had done it well.

CHLOE.

Phillis, I'll go: Behind yon hill Amyntas tends his flock. I'll paſs him by, and as I paſs will ſay, "Amyntas, ſee your baſket on my "arm."

TITYRUS *and* MENALCAS.

BY the ſide of a hill lay the grey-hair'd Menalcas, enjoying the benign rays of the ſun. Wrapt in agreeable contemplation he caſt his looks around the plains, embelliſhed by the riches of Autumn: In the mean while, Tityrus, his youngeſt ſon, had ſtood by him ſome time unobſerved. In pleaſing extaſy the good old man gave frequent ſighs, and his ſon continued to look on him with pleaſure. 'O, my father,' ſaid he, breaking a long ſilence, 'how delight-'ful muſt be your contemplations! I have been 'looking on thee for ſome time caſting thine eyes 'over the plains, embelliſhed by the riches of 'Autumn, and have heard thee frequently ſigh. 'My father, wilt thou grant me a favour?'

MENALCAS.

What doſt thou aſk, my dear ſon? Sit down by my ſide and tell me, while I kiſs thy fore-head.

Then

Then Tityrus ſat down by his father, and the old man kiſſed the forehead of his ſon. 'My 'father!' continued Tityrus, 'my elder bro-'ther hath told me (for often, when we ſit in 'the ſhade, watching our flocks, we talk of 'thee, while tears of love run trickling down 'our cheeks) he told me in thy youth thou waſt 'eſteemed the firſt of ſongſters, and that thou 'oft haſt won the prize in ſinging. If this de-'lightful proſpect of the fields, all ripe for har-'veſt, fill thy ſoul with tranſport, O my fa-'ther, try, and ſing thy ſon a ſong.'

Menalcas replied, with a tender ſmile, "I "will try, my ſon, and if the Muſes, who ſo "often aſſiſted me formerly to gain the prize, "will aid me ſtill, I will ſing thee a ſong."

Then, caſting his eyes again over the beautiful proſpect around him, he thus began.

Hear me, ye Muſes, hear my broken voice;
Ye, who, by murmuring ſtreams, and ſilent woods,
Ne'er, in my youth, refus'd to hear my call:
Give to my hoary age once more to ſing.
What tranſports doth this proſpect of the fields,
Rich in the harveſt's golden ſpoils, inſpire!

How

How gayly dreſt is the expiring year!
In yellow borders, round the ſtagnant lakes,
The reeds and oſiers grow: the blighted leaves
Of pears and apple trees, of yellow hue,
And the wild cherry-tree, of flaming red,
Beſtrew the verdant fields. The woods are dreſt
In colours various as the flowery meads
In early ſpring. The ſide of yonder hill,
Down from its ſummit to the vale beneath,
Is cloath'd in ruſſet brown, ſave here and there
Where the tall pine-trees wear their ever-green.
The fallen leaves, ſcatter'd along the way,
Ruſtle beneath the traveller's trampling feet.
The ſober flocks ſtray dully o'er the plains,
Stript of their ſummer flowers. O, ſoon, ye trees!
Soon will the winter's calm repoſe be yours.
Ye, who ſo late bent down with loads of fruit,
And lent the ſwains and flocks a friendly ſhade.

May none of us enjoy the grave's repoſe
Till thus we've yielded fruit and ſpread the ſhade
Of pity and protection o'er th' unhappy!
Within the cottage of the juſt, my ſon!
A bleſſing dwells, and in their plenteous barns.
The Good-at-heart, and thoſe who truſt the Gods,
May e'en the quaking moraſs ſafely tread:
For, when they ſacrifice, the ſmoke aſcends
To high Olympus, and th' attentive Gods,

With

With joy receive their thanks, and hear their vows.
Nor ſhrieking owl, nor croaking frog, denotes
To them misfortune; but, in ſafe repoſe,
Beneath their peaceful roofs, their houſhold gods
Their virtuous maxims hear, and bleſs their ways.
A gloomy day is ſometimes ſeen in ſpring,
And thunder-ſtorms deform the ſummer's ſky.
But murmur not, my ſon, that Jove decrees
With ſome few gloomy hours to cloud thy days.
Forget not, ſon, but theſe my precepts keep,
When I am gone before thee to the grave.
O, ſpare, ye ſtorms, the woods and fields around;
Nor rob the autumn of its gay attire:
But let the ſoft breeze gently ſtrip the trees.
So, may I yet this variegated ſcene
At times review with joy. Another autumn
Mine aged eyes may not ſurvive to ſee;
Another year, perhaps, the falling leaves
In heaps ſhall lie and wither on my grave.

Thus ſung the old Menalcas; when his ſon,
Seizing his father's hand, bath'd it in tears.

On the Invention of the LYRE and of SINGING.

IN the firſt ages of the world, when the wants of mankind, as yet uncorrupted, were few, and the infant arts were employed in ſuch as were dictated by nature and innocence, there lived a young maiden, the moſt beautiful and ſuſceptible of her ſex. With tears of joy, ſhe ſaluted the riſing ſun and the glorious proſpect it preſented; with equal tranſport ſhe beheld it ſetting in the weſt, and welcomed the placid glimpſes of the moon. Singing conſiſted then only of a ſimple irregular cry of joy. The cock had no ſooner proclaim'd one ſummer's morn, the approach of day, than the young beauty obey'd the ſignal. For already mankind had found means, for their convenience and amuſement, to aſſemble domeſtic animals about their cottages. The maiden left the hut, beneath which ſhe had repoſed in the night: This hut was conſtructed of reeds and oſiers faſtened

faſtened to the trunks and branches of the neighbouring trees: the birds neſtled in the green roof, and ſung their morning ſongs beneath its ſhade. She went forth, to take a view of the fields covered with dew, and to hear the ſweet concert of the birds in the neighbouring wood. Raviſhed with their delightful notes, ſhe ſat down to liſten, and ſoon began to imitate them. Then it was that flowed from her lips the moſt harmonious ſounds, ſuch as no ſhepherdeſs had form'd before. The different tones, which ſhe learnt, with her charming voice, to repeat after each bird, ſhe collected and modelled into various airs. Then raiſing her voice to ſing, ſhe thus began.

Ye little warblers of the grove! how ſweet
The ſoft melodious accents, that you breathe,
Or in the lofty trees or lowly ſhrub!
Why cannot I, with ſounds as ſweet and clear
Salute Aurora, at the break of day!
Teach me your ſweet variety of notes,
That I my tranſports may, with you, expreſs,
When o'er the hills the morning ſun appears.

'Twas thus ſhe ſung, without perceiving that her words ran naturally into meaſure. Obſerving, however, at length, the melodious cadence of her expreſſions, ſhe went on, in a kind of extaſy;

O,

O, how delightful this harmonious grove!
How beautiful the dew-beſpangled plains!
O, where art thou, from whom theſe wonders
came?
Unſeen Creator! O, what joys I feel,
That I can ſing thy praiſe, in accents clear,
And yet unknown to my companions.

She ſung, and all, that breathed or look'd around, the birds themſelves all ſilent on the ſpray, wrapt in attention, liſten'd to her ſong.

Fond of ſo pleaſing a diſcovery, ſhe exerciſed her new art every morning in the wood, whither a young ſhepherd frequently repaired to hear her. Tranſported with delight, he hid himſelf behind the buſhes, and, when ſhe had done ſinging, ſigh'd and retired to the inmoſt receſſes of the wood, in order to imitate what he had heard. As he ſtood, one day, in a profound reverie, leaning on his bow; for he had already invented the art of ſhooting with the bow and arrow, to kill the birds of prey, that deſtroy the harmleſs doves, for whom he had built a little habitation, in a neighbouring tree, with twigs of interwoven oziers—as he ſtood thus leaning on his bow, 'What unknown emotion is this,' ſaid he, 'that fills my heart with diſquietude? 'moſt ſtrange diſquietude! that is mingled with

'tranſports of joy, when I ſee the young ſhepher-
'deſs in the wood and hear her ſing; but, when
'ſhe is abſent, fills my heart with chagrin. Ah!
'wherefore do I 'ſigh?'—As he ſaid this, his fin-
ger, with which he had ſtretched the ſtring of his bow, let it ſuddenly looſe, and immediately his ear was affected by an agreeable ſound. He liſten'd and repeated the trial. The jarring ſtring repeated the ſound; and he began to meditate on the methods of improving his new diſcovery. He tried ſeveral times to play on the ſingle bow-ſtring, made of the twiſted entrails of birds of prey; when a thought ſuddenly came into his mind, and he went and cut four ſticks; two longer than the other. Theſe he faſtened to-gether by their ends, in the manner of a frame, and ſtretched the ſounding ſtrings acroſs. Then ſtriking the new-ſtrung chords, he perceived they produced an agreeable variety of ſounds, according to their ſtrength. Then diſpoſing a greater number of ſtrings, in order of harmony, he began to play and to leap for joy at his muſick.

From this time, the young ſhepherd went every morning to the grove, in order to exer-ciſe his new art; endeavouring to form, on his inſtrument, the ſounds beſt adapted to accom-pany the voice of the young ſhepherdeſs, he had heard in the wood. Vain were his endea-

vours

vours a long time, nor could he produce the desired harmony, 'till, at length, a Deity assisted him to give a more advantageous disposition to the chords of his lyre, and play'd several airs thereon before him. Instructed by these lessons, the young shepherd watched the fair maid every morn into the wood; and, as he learnt the airs she sung, play'd them on his lyre by the side of a neighbouring fountain.

Now on a pleasant morn in May, sat the young shepherdess, as usual, singing in the wood, her hair adorned with flowers.

Hail, glorious sun! that o'er the mountain tops
Darteſt around thy brilliant rays of light.
Already hast thou tipt the trees with gold,
And deck'd the plumage of the soaring lark.
The feather'd songsters of the spray begin
To chaunt thy praise. Already——Ha!——

Struck with the sound of the young shepherd's lyre, the maiden ceas'd to sing. Surpriz'd, she "said, What charming sounds accompany my song? "They mimic every note!" Then with astonishment she look'd around, and thus expressed her admiration. "O thou charming "voice! Where art thou gone? Why art "thou silent? Sing, sweet voice! again. Art

" thou a feather'd ſongſter of the grove? Come,
" if thou art, and, perch'd on this fair pine,
" O, let me ſee thy form and hear thee ſing."
Then, looking all about among the trees, " Ha!
" wert thou frighten'd, my ſweet bird," ſhe
ſaid, " and art thou flown? Or rather—but
" perhaps mine ear deceives me; for ſuch ſounds
" I never heard within this wood before. And
" yet it ſurely cannot be a dream. I'll ſing
" another ſong."

Welcome, flowers ſo ſweet and gay,
In the bud but yeſterday;
While upon your open breaſts
Cooling Zephyrs panting lie,
The buzzing bee that never reſts,
And the gaudy butterfly,
Fluttering round and ſipping dew;
I bid thee welcome and adieu.

As ſhe ſung this ſong, the ſhepherdeſs frequently broke off and look'd around; the unknown ſound of the ſhepherd's lyre accompanying her voice as ſhe ſung. But as ſhe perceived not whence the ſound came, ſhe began to be a little frightened. " No," ſaid ſhe, " I am
" not miſtaken, the voice abſolutely accompa-
" nied every note." Theſe words no ſooner dropt from her lips, than the young ſhepherd appeared from behind the buſhes, with his lyre under

under his arm, and a chaplet of flowers on his head. Then, taking, with a ſmile, the timid maiden by the hand, ‘ Charming ſhepherdeſs,’ ſaid he, with an engaging air, and in an enchanting tone of voice, ‘ it is no winged inhabitant of the woods that repeated your ſtrains: ‘ It was I who accompanied your ſweet voice, ‘ on theſe chords. I have every morning attended to your ſongs, and have taken pleaſure ‘ in practiſing the repetition of your notes on ‘ theſe ſtrings: And, wilt thou believe me, ‘ ſhepherdeſs? a Deity met, and inſtructed me, ‘ in forming this inſtrument and repeating your ‘ ſongs.’ The ſhepherdeſs, glancing her eyes, with a timid air, on the ſwain, fix’d them intently on his lyre; while the young ſhepherd continued his addreſs. ‘ O charming maid,’ ſaid he, looking languiſhingly in her downcaſt eyes, ‘ how delighted ſhould I be, if thou wouldſt ‘ permit to follow thee up and down theſe ‘ woods, and ſit by your ſide, and to accompany thy ſweet voice with my lyre!’ The young ſhepherdeſs then look’d up, and ſaid, “ Young ſwain, I am enchanted with the accompanyment of thy lyre: The ſound of it is “ ſweeter than echo itſelf. But, come beneath “ the ſhade of my bower, for already the ſun “ approaches the burning height of noon. Come, “ and I will give thee choice fruits for dinner, “ and the ſweeteſt milk.”

They went together into the bower; and it was of them the young men and maidens learned to ſing, and play on the lyre. It was not 'till long after, that they ſung to the accompanyment of the flute; when Marſyas preſented to the Satyrs the flute, which Minerva, inventreſs of that inſtrument, had thrown away with indignation at the railleries which the Goddeſſes caſt on her, on that occaſion.

Two trees were planted on a riſing ground, in honour of this young man and maid, and to perpetuate to future generations the invention of the lyre and of the ſong.

The FAUN.

'NO—not one happy day ſhall I ſee more,' cried a complaining Faun, as in the morn he left his cave. 'E'er ſince the loveliеſt 'Nymph eſcaped my arms, I hate the day-light. 'And 'till I find her, no ivy-garland ſhall adorn 'my horns; no flowers ſhall bloom around or 'near my grot: But down I'll trample them 'before they blow: My flute and jug too will 'I break in pieces, under my feet.'

He then began to trample on the flowers, his flute and jug; when now a brother Faun came by. "Hey-day!" ſaid he, "what art thou "drunk, or mad? on ſuch a day as this! the "feaſt of Bacchus! Haſte, and twine about thy "horns an ivy wreath, and come with me. I "go to celebrate the joyfulleſt day of all the "year."

'No— not a joyful day ſhall I ſee more,' replied the Faun, 'I've ſworn, that, 'till I find her,

'not a leaf of ivy ſhall be twined about my horns.
'Unlucky moment when that Nymph eſcaped
'me! I had purſued her to the river ſide, where
'ſhe ſtood trembling, and my heart rejoiced,
'as if ſecure I had her in my arms; when all at
'once the Tritons left the ſtream, curſt robbers!
'ſeiz'd the Nymph around the waiſt, and ſwam
'acroſs the ſtream, ſounding their ſhells in tri-
'umph. Then ſwore I, by the Styx, 'till I re-
'caught the fugitive, no ivy-chaplet ſhould my
'horns adorn.'

"Ho! ho! and is't the cruelty of a Nymph?" replied the other Faun, "how ſhall I forbear "laughing? Is the cruelty of a Nymph to make "your days for ever miſerable? Love never "troubled me a ſingle hour in my life. If one "refuſes me a kiſs, I immediately apply to ano-"ther. Hearkee, friend, I will venture to "ſwear to thee, that, if even on this day of "feſtivity and rejoicing, it be in the power of a "Nymph to detain me a ſingle hour in her "arms, I will never kiſs another as long as I "live. For my part, I love them all. Come "on, my friend, throw off this vile chagrin; "you yet are young and briſk; your brown "face too is handſome; that full black eye "piercing and ſharp; and thy curling hair "twines naturally round thy crooked horns, "that from thy buſhy locks riſe like two tall

"oaks

" oaks from the bruſh-wood round. There,
" let me crown thee, Faun; theſe twigs are
" fine and green. Let me then crown thee. I
" hear already the confuſed noiſe of diſtant caſta-
" nets and flutes. Come, ſtoop thy head, and
" let me twine the wreath about thine horns.
" The noiſe approaches, it deſcends the hill.
" See the fierce tygers draw the car of Bacchus.
" See, friend, the Fauns and Nymphs delighted
" dancing round. O what a joyous rout. O! ho!
" Evan, Evoe! There, now thou'rt crown'd.
" Come, haſte, and let us join the jovial train.
" O! ho! Evan; Evoe! Ho!—"

The FIXT RESOLUTION.

WHERE ſtray my wandering feet, all torn by thorns and intermingled briars? Heav'ns! how I am chill'd with horror! The ſhooting pine-trees and the ſtraggling boughs of the tall oaks, riſe o'er my head and form a melancholy ſhade. How ſaddening is the gloom theſe ancient oaks ſpread all around me! Here will I ſit, beſide this hollow trunk, rotten with age and girt with ivy round: Here, on this ſpot, where mortal ſtep before hath never trod. No living creature here will find me out, except ſome ſolitary bird; or the wild bees that, in the trunk of ſome old neighbouring tree, lay up their honey; or perhaps the breathing Zephyr, that in this lone wood bred, ne'er kiſs'd the panting boſom of the maids that haunt frequented plains. And thou, clear, bubbling ſpring! whither do thy waters murmuring flow, among the delving roots, and knotted tufts of thorn? I'll trace thy ſtream; perhaps it may conduct me to ſome wild

wild ſpot more lonely even than this.—Heav'ns! what a proſpect opens to my view! Juſt on the edge of a ſteep rocky precipice I ſtand, and caſt mine eyes around the vale beneath. I will ſit down on this o'er-hanging cliff, whence falls the current, through the pines below, roaring like diſtant thunder. O'er this ſide of the rock meanwhile the withering buſhes mournful hang, juſt as the uncomb'd hair on the miſanthrope front of Timon; Timon who never yet a fair maid kiſs'd.—I will deſcend the hill, and with my ſlow ſteps trace the winding ſtream acroſs the deſart valley. Hail, ſolitary vale! thou gloomy foreſt, and thou winding ſtream, all hail! Thy barren ſands my feet ſhall tread; and in this wood, for melancholy formed, I will become a hermit and repoſe me in its ſhade. All thoughts of love, farewell: Its darts can never reach me in this ſolitude, where I will cultivate naught elſe but ſacred wiſdom. Adieu! thou nut-brown maid, whoſe fine black eyes ſo often flatter'd my unguarded heart. Farewell, tho' yeſterday, all cloath'd in ſummer white, you danced around me, like theſe ſporting waves amidſt the ſun beams. And thou, my fair with flaxen locks! farewell; tho' I remember yet your melting looks, and that fair breaſt of ſnow—Alas! my heart was but two much inthrall'd—May not that lovely image break too oft on meditation, in this lone

retreat,

retreat, and ſtill affect the heart to vent a ſigh! Farewell, Melinda, whoſe majeſtic mien, grave air, enchanting beauty, and impoſing look, reſemble thoſe of Pallas. And thou, my little Chloe, ever gay and ſprightly, who uſed to leap into my arms and meet my lips; farewell, farewell, I leave you, for theſe woods; here I will lay me down, beneath theſe ſhady pines; and, wrapt in meditation deep, deſpiſe the power of love.—A little farther is the ſhade more pleaſant.—Ha! what is this impreſſion on the ſand? Heav'ns! how I tremble! Yes, it is, it is the print of ſome fair maiden's foot!—The pretty foot; how ſmall; how ſweetly turned!——Hence, meditations grave! Hence, gloomy ſhades! Away.—Where art thou, pretty Nymph? What even ſteps! I'll follow them. Ah! charming maid! I fly to overtake thee. Should I ſo happy prove, how will I kiſs and preſs thee in my arms! Fly not, ſweet fair, or fly me as the roſe avoids the Zephyr; which, when it turns away, with double glee returns to meet the kiſs.

The SPRING.

WHAT divine harmony, what lively tranſports drive hence the flatt'ring dreams of morn! I ſee, celeſtial ſight! I ſee the ſmiling Spring, in all its charms. Aurora, in her purple robe, conducts it from the eaſt. And in its train come frolic Joy, gay Laughter and the God of Love. Triumphant God, that looking round the plains, already at his future conqueſts ſmiles. Already hath he bent his deſperate bow, already ſhook his formidable dart. The Graces too, ſweet Spring! augment thy train, as, hand in hand, they join in frolic dance. Thy joyous troop comes with the riſing ſun, while flights of birds ſalute thee with their ſongs. The roſe-buds are impatient to diſcloſe their ſweets, to breathe perfumes, and with their glowing ſmiles to welcome ſpring. The wanton Zephyrs tell thy gay approach; while, over hill and dale, thro' woods and groves they ſport; there with malicious pleaſure they review the ſpot, where they diſcover'd, to the amorous ſwain, his haughty fair one, hid behind the boughs, to liſten to his ſong. There do they mark the place, where, with their rude breath wantonly inclined, they made the fair maids bluſh, as on the green they danced among the ſwains. There, round diſperſing

perſing thro' the trees and ſhrubs: they tell the ſlumbring Nymphs the Springs return, and with their murmurs wake the Fauns, yet ſleeping in their grots. The Fauns and Satyrs ſkipping round advance; and, with their ſhrill pipes, and their cries of joy, invite the Nymphs abroad. The Naiads open their urns that winter's breath had cloſed. Again the fountains flow, and, murm'ring thro' the buſhes, rivers form; or tumbling down, in loud caſcades, from the high rocks, o'erflow the meads; or in meand'ring rivulets glide along, within ſome grove, to form the peaceful lake; where the young maidens, in the ſecret ſhade, delight to bathe and cool their beauteous limbs.

Come on, delightful Spring! for 'twas in Spring, my friends, our bark ſo lightly bounded o'er the flood; when like a flock of ſheep, the white-back'd waves ſported around; while Zephyrs, with them playing, preſs'd them on the bark, againſt whoſe ſides they daſh'd, and mutt'ring broke. Others again, they drove againſt the banks, whence Echo babbled our tumultuous joy. 'Twas then, my friends, ye crown'd me, on the ſhore, king of the ſtream, and round my temples twined the leafy vine; while mirth and jollity prevail'd around.

'Twas in the Spring, my friends, that on this hill

hill we raiſed a verdant bower, beneath whoſe ſhade, upon the green turf ſat, we drank and ſung, and, with embraces, friendly, chaunted forth the merrieſt ſongs: Songs that the liſt'ning Satyrs learnt to ſing, and oft repeated and do ſtill repeat, on hill and grove, amidſt the dance and round their flowing bowls.

Make haſte, ſweet Spring! to deck the meads with flowers; and cloathe the foreſts, woods and groves in green. Bacchus, and old Silenus with his train, hail thy arrival with a jovial ſmile. Beneath the cool ſhade of a verdant bower, the God of Love full oft to Bacchus comes: The Muſes alſo here their viſits pay, for Bacchus loves to hear the Muſes' ſongs. The jolly God himſelf, the Muſes by, will alſo often troll the jovial catch; and tell his tale, each moment broken off by fits of laughter; every time his chaplet falling, as he ſhakes his ſides. With his full cup in hand, he oft will ſing his voyages to diſtant Ind; tell how he conquer'd the ſtrange ſun-burnt tribes; how, in his youth, finding himſelf on board a ſloop of pirates, he changed them into dolphins; how, round the maſt and oars, he cauſed to grow the vine and ivy, while into the waves he poured the roſy wine. Then will he drink and laugh; relating next how he gave birth to the ſweet bluſhing roſe. 'One day,' ſaid he, 'I ſought to em-

'brace

'brace a Nymph; but the fair fugitive was 'light of foot, and tript it o'er the plain; 'then, looking back, laugh'd at my reeling ſteps. 'By Styx, I ne'er had caught the ſcornful 'Nymph, had not the briars her ſkirts entang-'led. Tranſported, I approached her, and as 'her cheeks I gently patted, bade her not to fear, 'for I was Bacchus, God of wine and joy; 'Bacchus for ever young. Moved with reſpect 'ſhe yielded to the kiſs; and, in acknowlege-'ment to that ſweet briar, I touched it with 'my wand, and bade it bear a flower, juſt of 'that lovely red as were the bluſhes on the glow-'ing cheek of my conſenting Nymph.' This tale, one day, upon a moſſy ſeat, ſat liſten-ing Pan to hear; his head, adorn'd with boughs of willow, reſting on his hand. "Bacchus," ſaid he, "when Syrinx I purſued, I was not "then ſo fortunate as you." Then, turning to malicious Cupid, "Cruel God!" he cried, "how didſt thou wound my heart when that "fair Nymph was changed into reeds." He ſaid, and ſadly turn'd his down-caſt eyes on his nine reeded flute, then took the cup and drank to baniſh care.

There, Cupid, alſo, counts his triumphs o'er, and tells how oft the cruel fair his arms have vanquiſh'd. Ah! my nut-brown maid! what tranſports will be mine, if I could hear thy name in Cupid's ſongs! RE-

REFLECTIONS,

In the Abſence of DAPHNE.

SHE comes not yet, fair Daphne comes not. I will lay me down on the graſs, by this murmuring fountain, and wait her coming. I will employ the interval alſo in looking around me; the proſpect of the country may beguile impatience. It is not you, however, ye ſwarthy pines! ye aged oaks! nor thou full ſtream! whoſe rapid waters thunder from the mountains; on you mine eyes ſhall not delight to dwell. To the green lawn my proſpect be confined. O how I love to hear the gentle murmurs of the ſmall rivulet, creeping thro' the creſſes, and the broad-leaved plants that hide its ſurface; mean while, retarded by their trembling leaves, in circling eddies play the ſmall waves round. Thick graſs the borders hide, and on each edge wild grow the flowers; ſhaking its limpid current.

But

But caſt an eye along this little foreſt of green turf; what rich variety of ſhades the ſunſhine caſts upon its verdure! Behold the ſhadow of the tall blades waving here and there upon the neighbouring graſs; the tufts of ſlender plants, that ſpread their tender branches; and their variegated leaves: Others again that higher lift their heads, and wave their flow'ry ſummits with the breeze. But thou, ſweet violet! of purple hue, emblem of wiſdom, thou humbly holdeſt down thy head, breathing perfumes among the common plants, while flowers leſs ſweet erect their haughty heads triumphant. See how the winged inſects ſport with each other in the graſs, now loſt amidſt the general verdure, now again, glittering with gaudy colours in the ſun, and playing in innumerable ſwarms.

What flower is that, ſo beautifully mark'd, that by the fountain, to and fro, is waved by the breeze? How lively are its colours! how— Ha! 'tis no flower. What a deception! 'Twas a butterfly, that now hath flown, and ſhook the green ſtalk with its ſudden flight. What other inſect's that, which buzzes round, cover'd with black ſcales, and with bright ſcarlet wings ſupported? It reſts upon the pink; perhaps within the hearing of its mate. Huſh'd be your murmur, gentle ſtream, a-while! breathe ſoft, ye Zephyrs, thro' the flowery graſs.—Is't an illuſion? or do I

really

really hear ſounds inexpreſſible and ſweet? Doubtleſs they ſing, but that our ear's too groſs for harmony ſo delicate as their's, ev'n as our eye's unable to behold their tender limbs and organs. What pleaſing noiſe keeps humming in mine ears? What cauſes that ſtrange motion in the flowers? Ha! 'tis a ſwarm of bees, that, quitting their diſtant hives, have taken flight to rove at large among the gardens and the flow'ry meads. How wiſe, and diligent, they are, to chuſe and bear away, the yellow ſpoil, the treaſure of the hives! Behold with equal ardour all concur, and not a bee is idle. From flower to flower they wander; plunging ſometimes their little heads into the boſoms of the full-blown flowers; at others, ſtruggling with the unopen buds, they enter and conceal themſelves within, the elaſtic flower cloſing and hiding in its womb the little thief, that robs it of its ſweets. See, on that flower of trefoil, reſts the little butterfly. How ſhe diſplays her ſpotted wings, purple and white, bordered with green and gold! How pompouſly ſhe's dreſs'd; her little head adorned with a tuft of ſilver hairs! Gay butterfly! ſtoop down, and from the bending flower behold thy beauty in the ſtream: ſo ſhalt thou then reſemble fair Belinda, who, while ſhe ſits contemplating her glaſs, forgets ſhe ſhould be more than a papilio. Her dreſs is not ſo gay as are thy wings, and yet ſhe's full as thoughtleſs as thyſelf.

But

But what rough play begin the Zephyrs now? See how they ſkud along upon the graſs. Even as the waves upon the lake, when ruffled by the breeze, purſue each other to the water's edge, ſo bends the graſs and murmuring floats in waves. The particolour'd inſects take the wing, and, from the mid air, look with wild affright on this confuſion. Now again the Zephyrs are at reſt, and graſs and flowers invite the wing'd inhabitants to redeſcend.

What do I ſee? Would I could make myſelf inviſible! Hide me, ye flowers! for this way comes young Hyacinth, glittering in cloth of gold. He paſſes on, deſpiſing Nature's bloom, and trampling the flowers, as o'er the mean turf he trips on in haſte. In vain to him are Nature's ſweeteſt ſmiles, old-faſhioned beauty! He flies to Henrietta, all divine! There the gay world aſſemble: There they play, and there the charms of dreſs are more admired than all the glories of the ſetting ſun. How would he laugh to have ſeen me lying here! admiring inſects! Pardon, illuſtrous Hyacinth! for tho' I loſt the fair occaſion to admire your mien and elegance of dreſs, I was employ'd in the admiration of an inſect, whoſe beautiful wings diſplayed, upon a golden ground, all the various and lively colours of the rainbow. Forgive, illuſtrious Hyacinth! forgive that injury done you by Nature, in beſtowing upon

upon a miſerable inſect a more ſuperb and magnificent habit than art can provide for you.

But, ſee, ſhe comes, my lovely Daphne comes, I fly to meet her. Charming flowers! farewell; and you, minute inhabitants of the green lawn! I now muſt leave you. But I will oft again enjoy the pleaſing ſatisfaction you have given me. I will often taſte of the raviſhing delight, of contemplating the diminutive wonders of Nature; the harmonious reſult of the uſeful and beautiful, united by indiſſoluble and eternal ties. But, ſee, my Daphne comes. How her green robe waves in the ſporting breeze! how ſweet her ſmiles! how lovely bright her eyes! Yet all her charms, her eyes ſo lovely bright were loſt on me; did they not ſerve to ſhew the mind within, the ſweeteſt temper and the beſt of hearts.

The WISH.

MIGHT I hope that Providence would indulge me in my only wiſh; for otherwiſe my wiſhes are idle dreams, forgotten as ſoon as I wake, unleſs indeed when I wiſh any thing for the good of others; might I hope, I ſay, to be thus indulged, I would neither wiſh for riches, power, nor fame. I would neither deſire to roll in abundance, to tyrannize over my fellow-creatures, nor to tranſmit my name to poſterity.

I would wiſh to live tranquil and unknown, far from the noiſe and buſtle of cities, wherein honeſt minds encounter a thouſand inevitable ſnares, and cuſtom gives ſanction to the wildeſt extravagance. I would wiſh to paſs my peaceful days, in rural ſolitude, under my ruſtic roof, alike removed from fame and envy.

Beneath the ſhade of ſpreading walnut trees
I'd chuſe a lonely houſe; where at my window
I could

I could breathe the ſweet refreſhing air. Before my door, within a little court, fenced by a quick-ſet hedge, a limpid fountain ſhould flow murmuring from an honey-ſuckle bower. In its ſtream ſhould the tame duck play with her young brood. There ſhould the harmleſs doves, deſcending from the ſhady roof, ſport in the ſun on the green turf, and diſplay the beautiful plumage of their necks; while the ſtately cock aſſembles round him the cackling hens. All theſe ſhould run at my call, and come crowding with an air of delight, to receive their food at the hands of their maſter.

The birds, whoſe liberty ſhould be never interrupted, ſhould inhabit the thick foliage of the neighb'ring trees; calling each other familiarly from ſpray to ſpray. In one corner of my court, ſhould be ranged my hives of bees; their little republic forming a proſpect as agreeable as uſeful: Nor ſhould they ever wiſh to ſtray beyond mine orchard, if what the peaſants ſay be true, that they delight to dwell in places of tranquillity and repoſe. Behind my houſe would I have a ſpacious garden, wherein the docility of art ſhould go hand in hand with the ſimplicity of Nature. But never ſhould art revolt againſt Nature, by regarding her productions as rude matter, and moulding it into groteſque and fantaſtic forms. An hedge of filberd-trees ſhould wall my garden round;

at

at every corner of which ſhould be formed a bower of various vines. There would I often retire from the ſcorching heat of noon, and look at my ſun-burnt gardener, turning up the earth, to ſow the wholeſome herbs. Sometimes, excited by the hardneſs of his labour, I would take the ſpade from his hand and apply it to turn up the earth, while he, ſtanding idle by my ſide, might laugh at my want of ſtrength. Sometimes I would aſſiſt him to bind up the bending ſtalks of plants to poles, or trunks of trees; or elſe to prop the roſe-trees, pinks and lilies.

Without my garden, ſhould run a purling ſtream, to water the meadows, cover'd with thick graſs; thence ſhould it flow through my orchard, or rather grove of fruit-trees, which I ſhould myſelf carefully cultivate. In the middle the waters ſhould form a ſmall lake, and in the center of the lake ſhould be form'd a little iſland, on which I would raiſe a verdant bower. Oh if to theſe I could add a little vineyard, on the ſide of a hill, and a field of waving corn, the wealthieſt monarch on earth would not excite my envy.

But may my cottage be far diſtant from the country houſe of Dorantes, who retires from town that he may not be interrupted in his grave and important converſations. With him one may learn

that

that France intends not to make war; and there perhaps may hear what Mopſus would do, were he king of England: There may hear, around a well ſerved table, the moſt profound diſquiſitions concerning the defects of ſcience and government; while an important ſtupidity ſeems imprinted on the vacant face of the gueſts.

May my retreat, alſo, be far from the dwelling of Orontes, who is conſtantly employed in ſtoring his cellar with foreign wines. If Nature hath any charms for him, it is only becauſe its exquiſite produce is brought him over deſarts, or on the wings of the wind, or on the waves of the ſea. He flies to the country only to give himſelf without interruption to the pleaſures of the bottle. "Curſe on that hated town," ſaid he, "where one's fooliſh neighbours remark every "thing one does." Unhappy man! who never ſpent one day alone. Thou couldſt not bear ſuch ſolitude. If by thyſelf, thou might'ſt behold a wretch would frighten thee. But fear not that; the foaming horſes of your friends, haſte to deliver, at your open gates, their worthleſs burthens. Their riders diſmount, blaſpheming; when in licentious diſcourſe and riotous joy, they ſpend their time, 'till drunkenneſs puts an end to the noiſy ſcene.

May I reſide far from thee alſo, meagre Harpagon; whoſe gates are guarded by hungry dogs, that ſnatch from the hand of the inſulted beggar the cruſt he bathes with his tears. Thy unfortunate creditors groan beneath the rigour of thy proſecutions. The ſmoak ſeldom riſes from thy falling chimney: But, doubtleſs, it is juſt thou ſhouldſt die with hunger, ſince thy riches are the ſpoils of the indigent.

But whither do theſe diſagreeable reflections carry me? Return, ye ſoothing images of peace! and with ſerenity poſſeſs my ſoul. Near to my little cottage would I chuſe a country neighbour in his ſmoaky hut. The returns of reciprocal benevolence, the counſels of ſincere friendſhip, ſhould make our meetings pleaſing. Is there in life any thing more agreeable than to be reſpected? Is there any thing more delightful than to be accoſted with an air of grateful ſatisfaction by the man to whom one has done good offices?

When the tumultuous noiſe and hurry of the ſtreets awakes the citizen from his ſleep; when the neighbouring wall hides from his impriſon'd view the glorious proſpect of the riſing ſun; then would I, awakened by the refreſhing breezes of the morn, and the ſweet concert of the early birds riſe from my couch, and in the enamelled meads,

meads, or on the lawn upon the neighbouring hills, ſalute the opening day, with ſongs of joy. Nothing ſurely is ſo tranſporting as the views of Nature, wherein we ſee an infinite diverſity forming one aſſemblage of harmony! Preſumptuous man! how dareſt thou pretend to ornament Nature by Art, that wretched imitator of its beauties! Form your artificial labyrinths; deform the trees, and model them into pyramids and monſters? lay your walks with gravel, and keep them clean from leaves or flowers: I love the rural meadows and the foreſts green; where, in apparent wildneſs and confuſion, Nature obſerves a regularity, agreeable to the ſecret rules of harmony and beauty, which charms the eye as it delights the ſoul.

I would, alſo, ramble frequently, by the light of the moon, 'till midnight; profoundly meditating on the ſyſtem of the univerſe, while ſuns and worlds innumerable roll over my head.

Sometimes I would follow the plowman, and ſee him turn up the hardened ſoil; at others behold the labours of the reapers, ranged in order acroſs the field; liſtening to their ruſtic ſongs, their artleſs tales and comic jeſts. At the return of the vintage, when our orchards are gay with fruit, and the labourers in the vineyards are

heard from the mountains, I would attend their work, and ſee the young men and maidens, laughing together as they pick the ripe grapes from the ſtalks. I would accompany them, when, with ſhouts of joy, they return loaded to the wine-preſs, whoſe noiſe is heard afar. I would go to their harveſt-home, when a jovial repaſt is provided; and where, as ſoon as the firſt demands of hunger are appeaſed, the ruſtic laugh goes round, and all is mirth and gaiety. There the kind hoſt, ſupplying freſh flaſks of wine, exhorts them all to be merry. Then Barent, of his travels and adventures, tells, in Suabia. "There," ſays he, "I ſaw fine "houſes bigger than our country-church; "great Lords, in waggons gilt and glazed, "drawn by ſix horſes, ſleek as are the beſt our "miller keeps; and there Bavarian boors, "wearing green hats." All theſe fine things he tells, while his next neighbour, with open mouth, ſits, all attention; 'till his favourite laſs taps him upon the cheek, and ſmiles. Then, in his turn, young Hans recounts his tale, as how, "a Jack-a-lanthorn did of late miſlead his "neighbour in the night." Then all riſe up, and to the Green repair, there by the moon to dance 'till midnight clock invite them to repoſe.

But

But in the dark and rainy winter days, or when the ſun in ſummer is too hot, ſhut in my lonely ſtudy, would I hold diſcourſe, inſtructive converſation! with thoſe great geniuſes, that have done honour to the ages in which they lived. Of one ſhould I learn the manners of foreign nations, and the wonderful productions of diſtant regions; and another would initiate me into the myſteries of Nature. The former would inſtruct me in the hiſtory of the conſtitution and government of ſtates, at once the ſhame and glory of mankind. The latter would teach me the importance and deſtination of the ſoul, and the charms of virtue. Thus would I ſit, with all the ſages and poets of antiquity ranged around me; thoſe happy geniuſes who purſued the track of the truly beautiful and ſublime. Alas! how few have dared to tread in their ſteps! What herds of weak minds have loſt themſelves in the attempt! Their courage failed, while they rather choſe to purſue the flowry paths of novelty, and pleaſe themſelves with tinſel and empty ſhew. But, let me name ſome of the happy few, who' in the arduous taſk, bore off the prize. O *Klopſtock!* creative genius! And thou, *Bodmer*, who, with thy fav'rite *Breitinger*, didſt hold aloft the torch of criticiſm, to prevent the wanderer from being miſled by falſe and deceitful lights; and thou, O *Weiland*, whoſe Muſe did

did often viſit her ſage ſiſter, Philoſophy, and in whoſe compoſitions, ſubjects the moſt abſtruſe and ſublime are treated with all the charms of ſtile; O, how oft have your delightful ſongs inſpired me with ſacred tranſports! And thou, dear *Kleiſt!* whoſe ſong is pleaſing as the ſerenity of a ſummer's eve; and * *Gleim*, whoſe lyric lays are full of the charms of innocence and ſimplicity: Alas! this taſteleſs age is ignorant of your merit: Futurity only will do juſtice to your fame.

Oft would I employ myſelf in tranſcribing the verſes, I might compoſe in my ſolitary walks, ſometimes beneath the green-wood ſhade, at others near a murmuring caſcade, or in ſome pleaſant bower, by moon-light. Nor would I neglect the frequent pleaſure of admiring thoſe beautiful pieces of art, wherein the curious engraver hath copied the beauties of Nature; exciting me to imitate, or to mimic her glowing ſcenes on canvas. To interrupt me from this amuſement, I would ſometimes wiſh to hear a ſudden rap at my door. How happy, if, when it be opened, a friend ſhould fly into my arms, open and ready to embrace him! I would, alſo, in returning from my walks, wiſh often to ſee my friends ſtraying round my lonely cottage, or gather'd together in a body, coming forward to meet

* Meſſrs. *Klopſtock*, *Bodmer*, *Breitinger*, *Weiland*, *Kleiſt* and *Gleim*, are German poets, of the firſt reputation.

meet me. Then would we ramble together over the ſmiling fields; while mixing our ſerious diſcourſe with agreeable pleaſantry, the time would paſs away inſenſibly, free from chagrin or care. Here ſhould we gain an appetite, the beſt ſauce to the ſimple viands, which my garden, my fiſh-pond and my little farm-yard, ſhould furniſh for my table; which, at our return, we ſhould find ſpread under a verdant bower in the middle of the garden. At other times, ſeated under the boughs, we would ſit, by the light of the moon, and laugh and troll the merry ſong; unleſs the melancholy notes of the ſweet nightingale ſhould invite us to ſilence and attention. But, what am I dreaming of? How long hath my deluded fancy purſued this empty viſion! Vain wiſh! I ſhall never ſee thee accompliſhed. Diſcontented man inceſſantly contemplates the proſpect of happineſs in diſtant ſcenes, from which he is ſeparated by impenetrable labyrinths. Hence we ſpend our days in fruitleſs ſighs and wiſhes, and neglect that happineſs, which providence has laid before us, in the route we are deſtined to purſue. True bliſs conſiſts only in virtue. That man is truly wiſe, and truly happy, who, without murmuring, fills up the place, the eternal architect intended for him in the general plan of the univerſe. Yes, it is thou, celeſtial virtue! that doſt conſtitute our happineſs; it is thou, that doſt diffuſe

fuſe joy and felicity over all the ſituations of life. Who is there I can envy, at the moment that terminates a life, which thou haſt rendered happy? There is none. No, then ſhall I die ſatisfied, and lamented by thoſe worthy minds, who loved me, for thy ſake. O my friends, when ye ſhall tread the green turf round my tomb, may ye join hands, and, cordially embracing, ſay, "Peace "to his aſhes, for his heart was good: Heav'n "now rewards him with eternal joys: Soon "ſhall our aſhes mix with his, and everlaſting "bliſs be alſo ours." And thou, the gentle miſtreſs of my heart, may thy ſoft eyes bedew my grave with tears, when the wild daiſy and the benty graſs, that wave around, recall me to thy mind! and if it be permitted to the bleſt, to viſit once again thoſe peaceful ſhades, thoſe dear, delightful haunts, where they have meditated oft, in life, on ſacred things and future ſcenes ſublime; if they be permitted to reviſit thoſe whom once they loved; full oft my ſoul ſhall hover round thee, ſhall attend thy ſteps; and, when in holy contemplation wrapt, ſhall kiſs thy cheek, and breathe into thy mind the ſweet remembrance of thy once-lov'd friend.

The END.